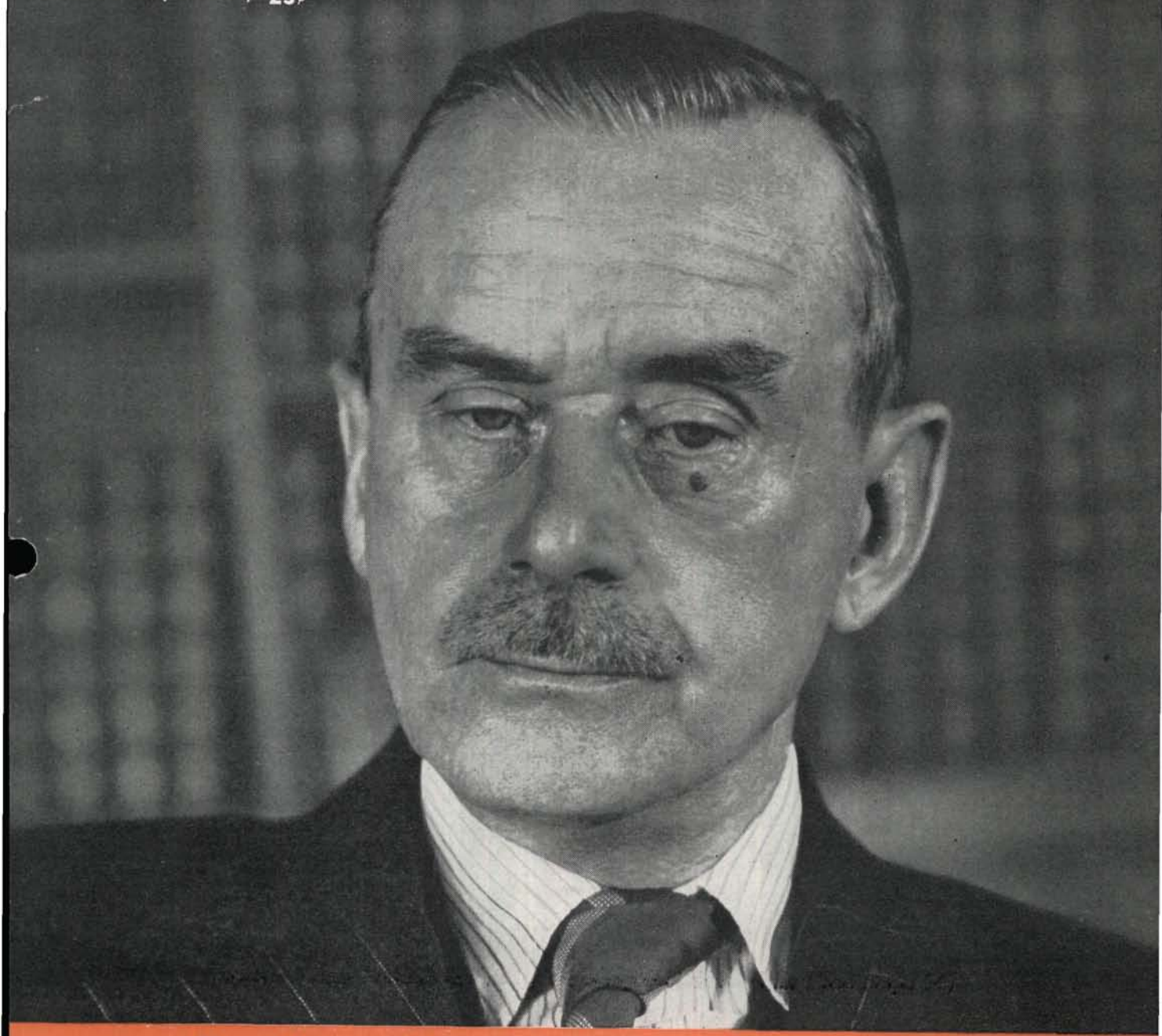
Saturday Review

AUGUST 16, 1958 / 25¢



Thomas Mann—recollections by his daughter Erika Mann *(See page 14)*

THE BIG SEARCH FOR AMERICA

By Marshall Fishwick

"LOLITA" AND HER PI

By Granville Hicks

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100 Lire. *Worth about 16 cents.* The lira is over 2000 years old. Nowadays in Rome, about 100 of them buy a dish of Tagliatelle alla Marinara (extra thin "spaghetti" with seafood sauce) at a Trattoria. *Fabuloso!*

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 16, 1958

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Time Lurches On

Edited by Martin Levin

The Last Words of the President of the Gourmet Society

(Spoken upon reading the following item in The New York Times: *"More instant foods, particularly the gourmet types, will be on grocery and supermarket shelves this year."*

"COME gather 'round me, good gourmets,
Come clasp my cold hand fast;
They're vacuum-packing peches-flambees
And pheasant under glass;
They've jiffy lobster thermidors
And frozen suckling pig that thaws
With pre-cooked apples in its jaws,
And bottled pousse-cafes."

"Come gather 'round me, good gourmets,
Trust neither wife nor daughter;
They'll feed you instant bouillabaise
By simply adding water.
They'll heat you coq au vin croquettes
With pre-tossed salads, crepe suzettes
They bought "to go" from luncheonettes,
And serve it all buffet."

" 'Tis well no Dixie-cup parfaits
This gentle palate numbed,
Nor guinea hens on tin foil trays,
Nor eclairs shot from guns;
I'm glad," he said, "I did not see
Venison at the A and P."
Then, shutting out these visions, he
Instanter passed away.

—Richard Lemon.

• • •

Strength Through (TV) Joy

THIS is the best of all possible electronic worlds, doc, and don't be dissuaded. Happiness is a thing called Dough, and with a smidgen of moo, you, too, can reach the euphoric Tor. On any channel, these fetid nights, one can learn the art of exchanging a few pennies for delirium. There are at least two brands of cigarettes which promise unalloyed Nirvana. On the screen appear mindless teen-agers who inhale, then turn and display their teeth to one another in transports of delight. Automobiles are alleged to "thrill" you with their taillights, refrigerators have the power to make whole families quiver with pleasure at their enlarged freezer compartments, and gents bust out all over in smiles when shaving, looking at bottles of beer, and eating wonderful TV snacks made of pressed milk. Oh, the lip-smacking, the yum-yumming! The delighted tots cramming their tiny pusses with bowlfuls of Sawd Ust and plenty of cream and sugar! Happy Mommies washing the fallout from pinafores in gentle-acting machines designed by captured Germans! And the boob-faced girls chortling as they use superior hair sprays that—poof!!—cement their coiffures into lasting monuments!

These indeed are the truly halcyon days. Smile at the bread that nourishes twelve ways; grin at the toothpaste containing DC-7B, the only ingredient made of real atoms; snigger along with happy "Dads" as he loses his vile headache with a compound that rips through his gastro-intestinal tract like an aspirin in orbit.

If you still feel a mite sulky, friend, consider: there is a coffee which claims it has "The most happy flavor in the USA." And the actors who drink it on TV laugh right in one another's faces.

Good night, ladies and gentlemen, and remember our slogan. . . . "The night shall be filled with people grinning at our product, and the cares that infest the day are for the poor." That should bring the roses back into your deep-pore clean cheeks.

—Henry Morgan.

• • •

Rotundavision

I RECENTLY attended a demonstration of Rotundavision, the revolutionary movie process that is the last word in cinematographic production and presentation. Never before has the viewer been so absorbed and assimilated by the motion picture experience. This brilliant conception daringly disposes of all conventional methods and rockets the moviegoer to celluloid sublimity by giving him the thrilling realism of *two* new dimensions, *three* new senses, perpetual motion, and nausea.

I knew that the new process was boldly different when I was strapped into a dentist's chair and immediately flipped on my back so that I was looking up at a huge rotunda. Electrodes were strapped to my wrists, a rubber tube was inserted in my left nostril, and the motor under my chair was started in neutral. Naked ushers from the Actors Studio then gave me the opportunity to take out flight insurance and to leave my eyes to a bank of my choice. As soon as the demonstration began and I felt nausea sneak in under the credits, I knew it was now impossible to put the viewer any deeper into the movie and still keep him conscious.

The drama used to show off this process must be suitably gigantic, and the one I saw was "The Story of Everything" (a James Jones treatment of the first sixteen volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica). Wisely, the producers began with the creation and ended with the sacking of Vienna.

I am happy to report that the creation scene came off with primordial splendor. To give the viewer the feeling of time, space, and motion, the focus was blurred, the clocks were set back, and the chairs were put into orbit. To give the viewer the never-before-experienced senses of smell, taste, and touch—molten lava was sprayed about the theatre, small rocks fell from the rotunda, and Turkish incense was pumped through the left nostril tube. The electrodes were activated so that the heartbeat was regulated by the manager, who could then induce the proper emotional response to each stirring scene. Because the viewer's heart was now under the direct control of the manager, artificial and obtrusive music was not needed to create mood in the film.

Three critics didn't survive the screening, but the producer insisted that they were "fighting the picture." He then announced that he soon will release a movie of the audience's reaction, tentatively titled "The Story of Panic." —Ralph Schoenstein.

• • •

And One Hundred Years From Today

NEW YORK: Additional textual evidence has been uncovered by Oliver Wimbish of Columbia University to support the growing theory that Tennessee Williams's plays were ghostwritten by Sidney Skolsky. . . . Traffic Commissioner Bargle has warned motorists that the city will crack down on litterbugs who fail to deposit their disposable cars in trash receptacles. . . . A visiting Dodger spokesman has denied a rumor that the team will move to Tangier. "We'll never leave Kuwait," he declared.

—M. L.

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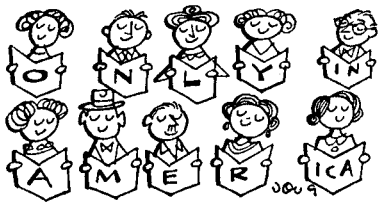
TRADE Winds

I HAVE JUST BEEN reading "Tom Swift and His Ultrasonic Cycloplane," "Tom Swift and Deep-Sea Hydrodome," and "Tom Swift in the Race to the Moon" (Grosset & Dunlap), and I find to my horror that this Tom Swift is the *son* of *the* Tom Swift. While Tom, Junior, at the age of eighteen invents remarkable things and engages in adventures, the old man is merely tolerated as he putters about the lab and sometimes foolishly gets captured or involved in an accident of some kind. They call him "Dad." Dad!, like some old-timer whose great triumphs of the past are forgotten, now relegated to guarding the stage door. This is the fellow who is responsible for "The Great Searchlight," "The Electric Rifle," for discovering "The City of Gold." Dad, indeed!

Of course, the villainy has become much more complicated now. While in Dad's day it was usually the bully, Andy Foger, who out of sheer frustration and envy tried to ruin the inventor's airships, submarines, and electric engines, today it is an insidious network of spying and sabotage laid down by a foreign power. The foreign power is never named, and I assume it to be Indonesia, Iraq, or Ireland. (You can't tell much by the names of the spies and villains—Paulus White, Calvin Klevalog, Firth Webster, Menarsky, Klaus Sturko. The good people are named Bud Barclay, Bob Anchor, Dr. Clisby.)

HARRY GOLDEN says he is surprised that a fellow can gather up a lot of stuff that's been lying around for years, put it in book form, and have a best



seller, "Only in America" (World). And over at the publishers fellows like Bill Targ and Donald Friede are asking themselves and outsiders how it could have happened, with a collection of short pieces that have already seen the light of day in an unusual newspaper called *The Carolina Israelite*, with an author's first book, with publication date in July when people aren't supposed to read, and so on.

Of course, they know the answer. They only like to ask questions and talk about it. They knew the book was pretty good, for they printed 12,000 copies to start with. The fact that they are all sold already just proves that in the publishing business it is sometimes possible to be optimistic without being optimistic enough.

Nobody who reads Harry Golden's book will be particularly mystified. It's a marvelous combination of irreverence, reverence, erudition, humor, debunking, love, and good taste. If you don't double up when you read "Why Other Planets Have not Contacted Us," there's something wrong with you. Or "The Ten Lost Tribes? They Are the Presbyterians." None of it's smart-alecky, though. Harry told me the other day, "I hate being coy. You should see the material I've thrown away because I was afraid of being called a smart-aleck."

Golden was writing an autobiography when Ben Zevin of World talked him into collecting editorials instead. It seems that Zevin's son came home from college and kept asking, "Where's my *Carolina Israelite*?" It's a peculiar question, and it started the elder Zevin on the trail of Harry Golden. Harry, Jr., had a hand in "Only in America," too. He put in the punctuation and did some editing. He's a reporter in Detroit, the only newspaperman, says his father, who is not writing a novel and who doesn't want to.

THE NEW PUBLICATION called "The Windbag's Digest" has a fine regular feature which permits a person quickly to look up the real meanings of remarks made by public figures to the newspapers, audience or whatever the case may be. For example:

". . . at no extra cost to you!" Television announcer. (Translation: "It's already included in the price.")

"Foul play is suspected." Law enforcement spokesman. (Translation: "We're not sure what happened but we want to be covered.")

"It's a cheap publicity trick." Popular idol. (Translation: "Why didn't my lousy press agent think of it first?")

"I'll carry the issues direct to the people!" Politician. (Translation: "Give me the nomination and I'll shut up.")

"I do not wish to dignify his remarks with a reply." Public official. (Transation: "Help! He's got me this time.")

TWENTY YEARS AGO Merle Armitage wrote a cookbook called "Fit for a King." Now his publisher, Duell, Sloan and Pearce, have had him and his wife, Isabelle, do another, called "Fit for a Queen."

Twenty years isn't very long, cookbook-wise, for "King" is still selling, and people from one extreme to the other (Alfred Lunt to Raymond Loewy, for example) have termed it A-one. Maybe "Queen" will be, too.

The big trouble with writing a cookbook is that friends shy away from inviting you to dinner. People who write successful cookbooks are immediately written off as being such

gourmets, and of such exacting standards, that wives and homemakers are terrified.

"It takes years to get straightened out with your friends," Merle tells me, "and now, when making new friends, we go into a real ritual about the fact that we like to eat good food and that some of the best comes from the kitchens of our friends. We have heard the phrase, 'we just do very plain cooking at our house, no fancy stuff,' until we wonder whether it's really worthwhile to write cookbooks. Isabelle and I ponder the question of whether the royalties we receive could equal the cost of the dinners we have missed."

Why a new cookbook? Well, the Armitages have learned a lot since then, acquired some elegant recipes, and know more about what constitutes a lunch, or a dinner, and how to put it together. Many women are afraid to invite certain people to dinner, on the theory that they can't cook well enough and don't know what to serve or how, including the baffling question of wines. "Queen" is supposed to solve all this, by outlining whole menus of luncheons and dinners, so that you can't go wrong.

And next, naturally, is "Fit for a Princess," for teenagers and brides.

FROM THE SOCIAL SECURITY information column of a recent *New York World-Telegram & Sun*:

"Q. I married my present wife on January 26, 1956. She is over sixty-five and never worked. When will she be entitled to wife's benefits?

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"A. She can become entitled to monthly benefits by filing an application on January 26, 1959, or later. However, if she gives birth to a child, she may apply immediately."

A FEW WEEKS AGO a waitress from Atantic City arrived in New York and registered at a hotel as "Ava Gardner."

She ran up a hotel bill of $320 before someone caught on and had her arrested for, as the papers reported, "allegedly" posing as Ava Gardner.

This young woman, twenty-six years old, fooled some ordinarily wise New Yorkers for quite a period of time. How do you suppose Ava feels about this? Does this waitress look like Ava did when she was twenty-six, or as Ava does—pardon the expression—*now*? Isn't Hollywood interested? Why aren't people more excited? Here we can have Ava Gardner all over again, starting ten years ago, and no one is doing anything about it!

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: ► Aaron Stookey says that the most sensible rule the Army ever passed is the one that you can't name a fellow in your own outfit as beneficiary of your insurance policy.

► William Rooney of Chicago has written a sentence which ends with five punctuation marks. He didn't tell me the sentence, but the marks are ?' "). In that order.

► Get this picture: a lovely castle in some European land, the Hapsburg ancestral home. A car speeds up the driveway and the huge front gate is opened for the family doctor, who rushes in exclaiming: "Take me to your bleeder!"

► A psychiatrist ran into one of his woman patients, who introduced her husband to him: "Doctor, this is one of the men I've been telling you about."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

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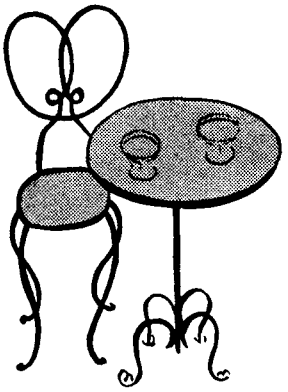
LEE H. BRISTOL, JR.:

SEED FOR A SONG

As Robert stood up to leave, he added, "You know, I think Newman was just right the time he said that often our denominational bickerings are like a dogfight in a flower bed: They settle nothing but the flowers."

"The gayest and most cheerful novel about Americans in Paris I ever read." — ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *New York Times*

THE Dud Avocado



is an entrancing novel about an American girl going native in Paris with a stamina no native ever had. "Cheerfully uninhibited (some will call it scandalous)." — CHARLES ROLO, *The Atlantic*

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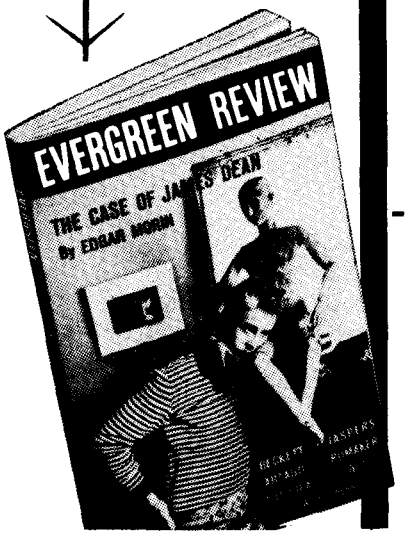

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h. d.
SAGESSE. A new long poem by the great lyric poet.

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The Saturday Review
AUGUST 16, 1958

THE BIG SEARCH FOR AMERICA

Myths and Miracles of a Broadbacked, Boisterous Land

By MARSHALL FISHWICK

> "It may be there is no place for any of us. Except we know there is, somewhere; and if we found it, but lived there only a moment, we could count ourselves blessed."
>
> —TRUMAN CAPOTE, "The Grass Harp."

AMERICA is not so much a nation or a people as a search. It began five centuries ago when men ventured into outer waters, and continues today in outer space. To ask what this search means is to ask, in essence, what it means to be an American.

One morning in 1565 an Englishman walked into the home of his young cousin, Richard Hakluyt, and presented the lad with a map of the world and a Geneva Bible. "Read Psalm 107," he said. Richard read: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

Europeans did go down to the sea, many of them inspired by Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations." Having broken the mental gates of doubt, they reached the realms of gold. They sailed, sweated, and scooped up treasure. But what appealed to them more than fine gold was a place where unending search could become an unassailable privilege.

They insisted that the business they conducted in great waters was the Lord's business. God, said William Stoughton, sifted a whole nation, that he might send choice grain into the wilderness. The Calvinist tradition which prevailed in the colonies (South as well as North—no Puritan code dealing with blasphemy and sacrilege was more severe than Virginia's) enabled men to stand the wear and tear of pioneering. In the eighteenth century American deists pictured God as the Master Clockmaker; but they continued to listen for the American tick. To them, destiny was manifest.

Frontiersmen needed a more personal, emotional God, and found Him at camp meetings where revivalists wrestled with Satan. They craved healthy portions of faith to match the stealthy and eyeless fear that lurked in the forests. To meet the peoples' needs, two new American Bibles (the Book of Health and the Book of Mormon) were written. Later on a Social Gospel appeared, to be challenged by neo-Orthodoxy and caricatured by the Happiness Cult. But the search for God has gone on.

OPENING a New World had an enormous effect on man's imagination. "For a transitory enchanted moment," wrote Scott Fitzgerald, "man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an esthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder." The vision, and the resulting culture, favored the gigantic. Vast schemes, tall tales, and buildings that scraped skies flourished. The hallmark of America came to be not the small shop, as in Europe, but the sprawling factory. High production, not high quality, became the true measure of achievement.

Early American folk heroes were inflated cockalorum demigods. Even the doggerel which came out of barroom tussles had a distinctly Homeric flavor:

> They fit and fit, and gouged and bit,
> And struggled in the mud
> Until the ground for miles around
> Was kivered with their blood,
> And a pile of noses, cars, and eyes
> Large and massive reached the skies.

Huck Finn yearned for a country that was clean out of kings; yet he was the product of a culture that insists on making everything king-sized.

This emphasis on size and generality has colored almost every aspect of the Great Search. Our mythology, architecture, and thinking are more apt to resemble the Roman than the Greek. Our love of regularity has

—*Erich Hartmann (Magnum).*

The Southwesterner—". . . bigness"?

—*Black Star.*

The New Yorker—". . . restlessness"?

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pulled us first towards standardization and then conformity. To achieve mechanical order we have paved the way for a mechanical trap. In many phases of our life, we miss the glory and the truth contained in the small and the immediate.

Here we shall examine the effect of what might be called the Quantitative Fallacy on one aspect of our culture: history-writing and "American Studies."

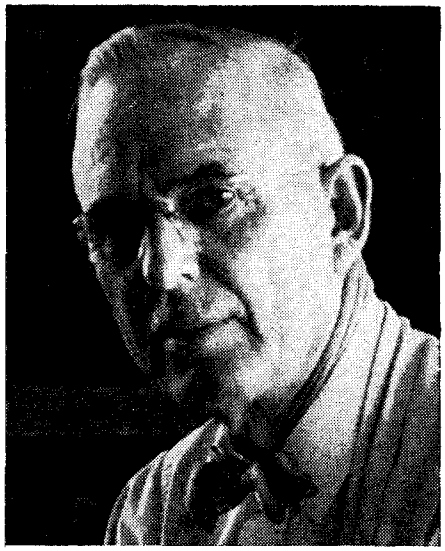
Because they deal so exactly and perceptively with life, Sir Philip Sidney called poets "the least liars." William Shakespeare tried to give to airy nothing "a local habitation and a name." In our country, Ralph Waldo Emerson thought we should seek reality by examining "the meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eyes; the form and gait of the body." Walt Whitman insisted that a mouse was miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels, and asked his fellow writers:

> Who are you indeed who would talk or sing to America?
> Have you studied out the land, its idiom and men? . . .
> Are you really of the whole People?
> Have you vivified yourself from the maternity of these States?

All too often the honest answer is "no." Instead of not seeing the forest for the trees, many of us never see the trees for the forest. Writing and teaching in broad, fuzzy terms, thinking in abstract terms, we ignore the specific, unique person or event. Posing as experts on the race question, we don't have time to meet and know individual Negroes. We speak passionately for international peace, while our own family battles on.

—*From "Face of Minnesota."*

The Midwesterner—". . . patternless"?



—*Erich Hartmann (Magnum).*

The New Englander—". . . fluidity"?

Courses in "American Studies" and "American Civilization" flourish like the green bay tree. Having listened too long to the courtly muse of Europe, we try, almost with a vengeance, to see that America has a place in her own house. Meanwhile, Europe too, is anxious to understand the adolescent nation which grew up overnight: for she sees plainly that, in the eyes of the world, it is the United States which is often considered the pivotal nation in Western civilization.

Anxious to meet this demand and "explain" America, our scholars have insisted on examining the culture from the top down, rather than from the bottom up. Few have been willing or able to tell in detail just how Americans have lived as individuals and members of communities, in different epochs and places. Attempting to cover everything, they have explained nothing. They show us a lonely crowd, without revealing lonely people. They have not studied America.

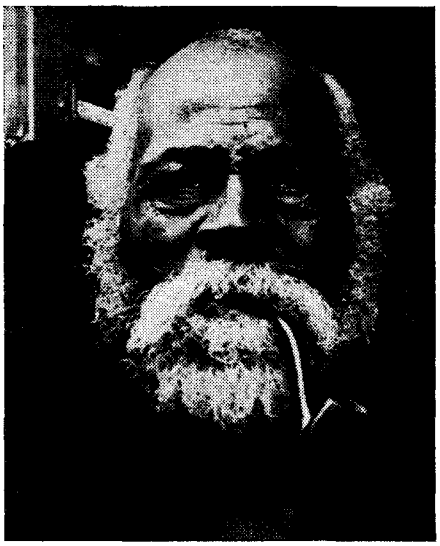
This became clear to me when I undertook a history of my native state, Virginia. Not a single adult history of the Old Dominion was in print. In spite of a plethora of flashy tourist brochures, a score of pedantic dissertations, and the periodized productions of the colonial-history factory in Williamsburg, we are today as ill-informed about certain aspects of Virginia as we are about darkest Africa. Sentimentalists, genealogical headhunters, and cookbook editors have prevailed.

The matter is more serious than mere scarcity of materials: the ones we have are shamefully biased. Most of Virginia west of the Blue Ridge, and most events since Lee's surrender in 1865, are off-limits. White men seem prone to vote for and write of Democrats only. Negroes are segregated in history books as well as schools. It is almost as if, by a silent conspiracy, the Old Dominion's writers want nothing to do with western counties, Republicans, Negroes, and the twentieth century. This in Virginia, which is probably our most studied state. What must it be like in some of the others?

It is on the level of national history-writing that the inadequacy reveals itself most painfully. If one turns to the standard accounts of American character to illuminate a study of one of its original states, what does he find? A. M. Schlesinger stresses mingled population, mobility, and rebelliousness. Allan Nevins singles out restlessness, passion for money, and equalitarianism as "American traits." Certainly they are not Virginia traits. Nor are H. S. Commager's: rudeness, land of the future, and land of plenty. To stress the opposites (politeness, land of the past, and land of scarcity) is more accurate in my part of America.

Disturbed but not daunted, I read on. Harold Laski notices our worship of bigness, fluidity of classes, and the gospel of hard work. In Virginia? Ridiculous. The other books pointed to the same conclusion. The best-known summaries of America hardly apply at all to the oldest American state.

OF COURSE I realize that any synthesis must ignore the exception: but is it not true that in Hurry-up Land we synthesize and generalize too soon? In so doing we demonstrate what the world has come to view as our major shortcoming—America's love affair with simple solutions. Where, we ask, is the secret trapdoor that will make the long tedious trip unnecessary? The question can be as damaging to



—*Frederic Lewis.*

The Southerner—". . . rebelliousness"?

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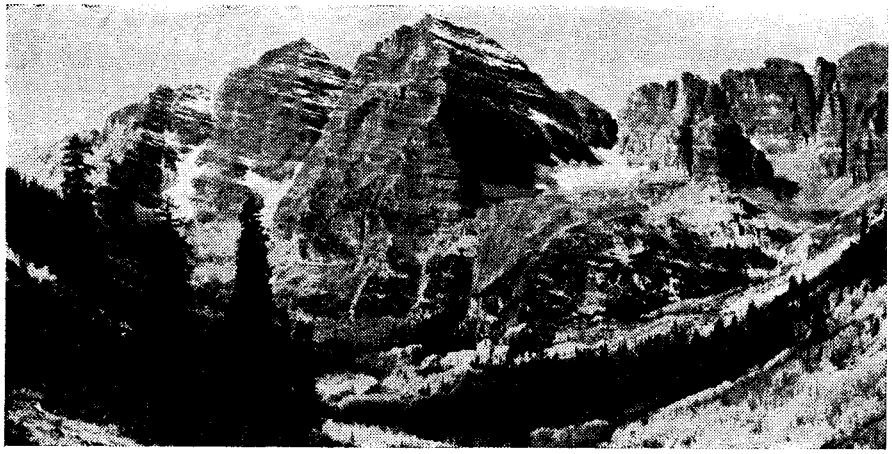

Rockies near Aspen, Col.—"Who are you indeed who would talk or sing to America?. . ."

our writing as it has obviously been to our foreign policy.

Sometimes we attempt to cover up complex solutions with multisyllabic jargon. This was true in F. S. C. Northrop's best-selling study with the not overly-modest title of "The Meeting of East and West." "The answer to the basic problem of our times is as follows," wrote Dr. Northrop. "The esthetic, intuitive, purely empirically given component in man and nature is related to the theoretically designed and indirectly verified component by the two-termed relation of epistemic correlation." Good Lord, deliver us.

Max Lerner's "America as a Civilization" is a more comprehensive, and comprehensible, study. Dr. Lerner admits that every generalization about American thought can be offset by a counter-generalization. Yet he too insists on producing an all-embracing pattern. To this end he dismisses recent closely-focused community and area studies ("Middletown," "Jonesville," "Yankeetown," "Elmtown," "Plainville," etc.) with this line: "The community studies can never be broader or deeper than the issues they pose, nor more imaginative than the questions they raise."

What issues *do* they pose? All those which individual Americans confront in their own time and place. What questions *do* the more imaginative ones raise? The universal (not merely American) questions which *homo sapiens* always faces, whoever he is, wherever he may be.

Note how the spirit of place permeates the work of America's greatest writers—Nathaniel Hawthorne, James Fenimore Cooper, Henry Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mark Twain, Robert Frost, and William Faulkner, for example. Their work proves that the problems and achievements of creativity aren't diminished by shrinking the map. Instead, a special type of clarity and conviction is achieved.

As it turned out, the best source for my history of Virginia was a novelist, Ellen Glasgow. "The places I loved or hated between the ages of three and thirteen compose an inexhaustible landscape of memory," she wrote in the preface to "The Sheltered Life." Before describing a town she wanted to examine "every buttercup in spring on the courthouse." Consequently she writes of reality, and achieves an authenticity which no Virginia historian of our time has achieved.

It would be very naïve indeed to insist that things have to be local or physical to partake in reality. In one sense Frederick Jackson Turner's frontier thesis is as "real" as the sodbusters who went west. Precisely because Turner understood the ways and motives of sodbusters has his theory become a guidepost to American life. It has dozens of local habitations and names.

U. S. means United States, not Uniform States. We have in-groups, out-groups, marginal men; ethnic, class, linguistic, regional variations; an incredibly diverse culture. Look closely, and you can find in America every conceivable type of man—and some inconceivable ones, half man and half alligator. Cultural differences are as wide as those between Norway and Italy, Belgium and Bulgaria. The chief characteristic of the American pattern is a lack of pattern.

"We in the United States are amazingly rich in the elements from which to weave a culture," Franklin D. Roosevelt pointed out. "We have the best of man's past on which to draw, brought to us by our native folk from all parts of the world. In binding these elements into a national fabric of beauty and strength, let us keep the original fibers so intact that the fineness of each will show in the completed handiwork." It is with the original fibers that the student of America should begin.

BEGIN, not end. We must not shut ourselves up in the stuffy closet of antiquarianism. Lack of perspective can make local and regional works sterile and dull. But this may be the fault of the author rather than the material. We must also concede that certain works which are inherently tedious and limited in scope have to precede a grand synthesis. In order to follow the trail that leads outward, we must get on the trail before we can advance at all.

Many writers and scholars have erred from the trail, and become lost on the bypaths of pedantry and vacuity. Ignorance cloaked as erudition, and bedecked with multiple footnotes, avails us not at all. "American Studies" are simply those which deal with the reality of American experience.

Many of our books and speeches on politics, philosophy, art, and religion make no such direct and honest confrontation. What is so discouraging about many debates on "Capitalism and Communism" is that speakers on

(*Continued on page* 36)

—*Ewing Galloway.*

Crops in Minnesota—". . . Have you studied out the land, its idiom and men? . . ."

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An Exchange in Community

By HENRY C. WOLFE

AN EL PASO teen-ager has been making an impressive contribution to international understanding. Her name is Tissie Goodell. Even before her junior year in high school, she had been wondering what she could do, in her small sphere, to help dissipate misunderstanding between peoples and nations. She was especially anxious to let the world abroad know what Americans are really like, what her own generation of Americans is like. What could a high-school girl do to replace the unlovely image of the cinema-American with the concept of the home-loving, peace-seeking human being who is our average citizen?

Somehow Tissie heard of the American Field Service fellowships through which students are exchanged between the United States and other countries. She had her answer. Why not bring a foreign student to El Paso for a year in an American home and an American school and association with young Americans?

Tissie is a young woman of ideals and imagination, but she has a capacity for action too. She began by interesting her school principal and her fellow students. Then she went on to the PTA, the local press and townspeople. The one-woman campaign worked. The first year a girl from Germany studied in El Paso on an American Field Service fellowship. This past year students from England and Finland were brought to the Texas city.

But Tissie has not confined her crusade to her home town. She has interested the young people of other communities in Texas, New Mexico, and Oklahoma. Through her efforts, the student exchange movement is growing in the Southwest. During her freshman year in Wellesley, just completed, she continued the work of promoting at grass-roots level a better understanding between students of this country and those of other lands.

This coming academic year, thanks to the zeal of the Tissie Goodells in many states, the AFS (American Field Service) will be able to bring about 1,200 foreign students to the United States for a year. This summer over 800 American high-school juniors are being sent abroad to live for a while in foreign homes. Every year more countries are included in the scope of operations. The two-way movement should certainly help clear up misconceptions about us and especially about our youth.

What many Americans may not fully realize is that our youth has been cruelly misrepresented all over the world. And it is hardly the fault of people in other nations if they believe that our vaunted technological culture has spawned a generation of juvenile delinquents. They have been drawing their conclusions from our blackboard jungle movies, sex-horror "comics" and, to a lesser extent, sensational news dispatches about teen-age switchblade gangs.

Men and women in other countries wonder if the future of civilization can be entrusted to the leadership of such a citizenry. In the court of world opinion, in other words, we are in danger of being written off as unfit for the responsibility to which our spiritual and material advantages call us. At this time, when the United States is the free world's most powerful nation, our prestige is an indispensable weapon in the struggle for men's minds. Anything that blackens the good name of American youth blackens the name of America and jeopardizes the cause of freedom.

—*El Paso Times.*

Tissie Goodell (rt.) admires lute of El Paso's first AFS student from Germany, Mechthild van der Laan.

When the writer was in Austria a while back, there was a movement under way to dam the inflow of horror "comics." The Austrian Youth Book Club planned to present the Minister of Education with a petition signed by 1,000,000 parents and teachers in advocation of stronger laws against importation of such material from across the Atlantic. The Austrians are trying to shield their children's characters from what they consider an insidious American influence.

Europe, let us bear in mind, has a vivid memory of the Hitler *Jugend*. This was, in effect, a generation of junior stormtroopers under training by the Nazis to carry out mass-murder projects. Understandably, the terrorism portrayed by our movies and "comic" books has suggested a parallel that shocks and frightens a good many Europeans.

Our government agencies, it is true, make valuable contributions toward understanding of the real America. But their work has its limits. Being government sponsored, their programs encounter skepticism, if not outright suspicion. Our boys and girls, on the other hand, are accepted at face value. They're not only our ambassadors: they're America. They give the living lie to the cinema travesty. Conversely, young people from other countries have a good deal to teach us.

The whole AFS exchange project, in short, is a practical lesson in international friendship, a microcosm of international cooperation. Some of the results were dramatically demonstrated to the writer in Paris not so long ago. The occasion of the demonstration will be described in later paragraphs.

The American Field Service had its beginning back in 1914, during the first month of World War I. A group of Americans living in Paris used their own automobiles to carry wounded soldiers from the battlefield of the Marne. From that simple, altruistic start there was organized an ambulance service to work with French troops, a civilian army of mercy that transported some 500,000 wounded. In the spring of 1917, when the French army needed a fast fleet of trucks to carry shells to their renowned "75s," the AFS established the *Reserve Mallet*, a branch staffed by several hundred American volunteers, most of whom were college undergraduates. The writer served in this branch. The Director General of the AFS was the late Dr. A. Piatt Andrew, whose aide was M. Stephen Galatti. In the fall of 1917 the AFS was incorporated into the American Expeditionary Force.

In 1939, when World War II broke

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LITERARY HORIZONS

"Lolita" and Her Problems

By Granville Hicks

THE problem presented by Vladimir Nabokov's **"Lolita"** (Putnam, $5) is literary not moral. The moral issue has, of course, been raised, and it will be raised again and again in the weeks to come. It would have been raised if "Lolita" had had no previous history, but the novel is borne to us on a tide of scandal. Rejected by four American publishers, it was published in 1955 by the Olympia Press of Paris. The French government, however, forbade export of the book, and immediately there was an uproar. Articles about "Lolita" have appeared in a dozen American periodicals in the past year or two, and the debate was on long before Putnam announced that it would publish the novel.

The moral issue is simple. A little while ago I had a letter from a woman who objected to the fact that I had praised John Cheever's "The Wapshot Chronicle," which was, she charged, an immoral work. To substantiate her charge, she listed the improper words that, she said, Cheever employed. I think she included at least one that isn't in the novel at all—she admitted that she had burned her copy and couldn't check—but the important thing is that the words were all words with which my correspondent was familiar and which she could bring herself to put down on paper. Whatever she regarded as corrupting in the novel couldn't, she made clear, corrupt her.

This is the old story. The roster of novels that have created scandals is long: Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," Zola's "Nana," Hardy's "Tess" and "Jude," Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," Joyce's "Ulysses," and Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover"—to name but a few. The persons who have suppressed or tried to suppress these books have never argued that they themselves had been unaware of the existence of the supposedly objectionable kinds of behavior the books portrayed; on the contrary, the self-appointed censors have usually shown a comprehensive knowledge of vice. The argument is always that it is somehow injurious to the public morality to have these matters, whatever they may be, brought into the open. If we go on pretending that they do not exist, the argument runs, in essence, all will be well.

The case for the defense is also in essence always the same: there is no such thing as an inherently unsuitable subject for literary treatment; everything depends on what the writer does with it. And over the years the defense has had the better of the argument. Unworthy books have doubtless been defended, but they have quickly been forgotten and no harm done. The worthy books, on the other hand, such as those I have mentioned, survive, and in time they make the whole debate seem irrelevant. What they are grows more and more evident, and what they are "about" matters less and less.

What "Lolita" is "about" is by now pretty well known. It is about a man who is sexually attracted to girls of twelve or so, or at least to certain girls of that age, the type he calls "nymphets." The book purports to be the confessions of this man, Humbert Humbert, written while he is awaiting trial for murder, and, although there are some preliminary scenes in his native Europe, most of it portrays his relations with an American girl, Dolores Haze, known to him as Lolita. At first Humbert marries Mrs. Haze, a widow, in order to be near Lolita, but he is delivered from the marriage—and from the temptation to commit murder—by his wife's death, and he and the girl embark upon a transcontinental pilgrimage during which he yields himself fully to his obsession. After some time, however, he loses Lolita to another man of the same tastes, and he spends some years in tracking down his rival, whom in the end he kills.

That such persons as Humbert exist we know from the textbooks, but in the textbooks we see them from outside. They are cases; they are not at all like us. Humbert, on the other hand, we come to know quickly and thoroughly from the inside. Indeed, it is astonishing how readily Nabokov persuades the reader to identify himself with this obsessed man. We don't like him, but we cannot comfort ourselves with the thought that he is wholly alien to us.

At the same time no one can say that Nabokov has made vice attractive, has encouraged us to regard Humbert's aberration as a trivial matter. On the contrary, we never forget that he is condemned by his obsession to a bleak and terrible existence. This is human bondage in its most extreme form. The transcontinental trip, although there are episodes of pure comedy and although Humbert looks back with longing on his moments of ecstasy, is in its total effect the kind of nightmare that one would pray to be spared.

Nor are we allowed to ignore the fact that the experience is hell for Lolita as well as for Humbert. Lolita is such an unattractive little girl that, after the first sense of horror at the abnormality of the relationship wears off, we are likely to feel that what happens to her doesn't matter. It is Humbert, in one of his more analytical moods, who reminds us that it does. "Nothing," he reflects at the end, "could make Lolita forget the foul lust I had inflicted upon her. Unless it can be proven to me—to me as I am now, today, with my heart and my beard, and my putrefaction—that in the infinite run it does not matter a jot that a North American girl-child named Dolores Haze had been deprived of her childhood by a maniac, unless this can be proven (and if it can, then life is a joke), I see nothing for the treatment of my misery but the melancholy and very local palliative of articulate art."

BUT if horror is the book's dominant note, it is far from being the only note that is struck. Although Nabokov was born in Russia and had written a dozen books in Russian before he attempted to write in English, he is a stylist of the greatest virtuosity. Hard as it may be to believe this, "Lolita" is in large part an extremely funny book, and the humor is of many kinds. For one thing, Humbert's obsession repeatedly forces him to become an impostor, and he is always aware of the comic aspects of the roles he plays. For another, he is erudite, and Nabokov permits him to indulge in Joycean games with words. Then there is a broad vein of satire, particularly in the description of the tourist's America. Nabokov's humor takes astonishing forms: Humbert's slaying of his rival, for instance, is portrayed in such fantastic terms that the scene becomes slapstick comedy of the most macabre kind.

Humor is the last quality one would expect to find in a book on "Lolita" 's theme, but, finding it, one might

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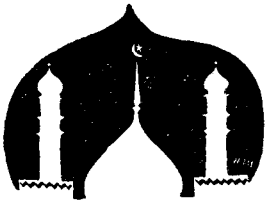
BOOKSHELF

The Arab World and Israel



THE great tradition of Islamic scholarship carried on in the West by German and British Orientalists produced a vast literature which has escaped the attention of the general reader. Some of it is still available and receiving belated appreciation. As social and political revolution sweeps the Middle East, and as our own commitments grow more involved, interest in the modern life of the area increases. In recent years an almost unmanageable number of good books on the modern Arab world and Israel has appeared, but here we have room for only a check-list on available works.

Islam and Its History

"Mohammedanism." *By H. A. R. Gibb. Mentor (1955).* A brief but authoritative study.

"The Koran." *Rodwell Translation. Dutton (Everyman's).*

Islam in Modern History." *By Wilfred Cantwell Smith. Princeton (1957).* The theme is the relation between the ideal and the real in Islam, between the Islamic and the Muslim.

"Islamic Society and the West." *By H. A. R. Gibb and Harold Bowen. Oxford (1950, 1957).* Two volumes on the 1700s published thus far.

"Unity and Variety in Muslim Civilization." *By Gustave E. von Grunebaum, Editor. Chicago (1955).* Sixteen experts evaluate relations between the universal Muslim cultural pattern and diverse local traditions.

"Medieval Islam: A Study in Cultural Orientation." *By Gustave E. von Grunebaum. Chicago (1946).*

"Encyclopedia of Islam." *Edited by H. A. R. Gibb and J. H. Kramers. Cornell (1957).* A short version of the standard reference.

Political History

The Arab Awakening." *By George Antonius. Putnam (1939).* A classic work on the origins of the Arab national movement.

"The Ideas of Arab Nationalism." *By Hazem Zaki Nuseibeh. Cornell (1953).* An analysis of intellectual trends leading to current nationalist thought in Islam.

"The Middle East in Transition." *By Walter Z. Laqueur, Editor. Praeger (1958).* Thirty-four essays in two sections: social and political change and recent Soviet attitudes.

"A History of Modern Egypt and Anglo-Egyptian Relations: 1800-1953." *By John Marlow. Praeger (1954).*

"History of the Arabs." *By Phillip K. Hitti. St. Martin's Press (1956).*

"History of the Islamic Peoples." *By Carl Brockelmann. Putnam (1945).*

"The Arabs in History." *By Bernard Lewis. Longmans, Green (1950).*

"Egypt's Liberation: The Philosophy of the Revolution." *By Gamal Abdul Nasser. Public Affairs Press (1955).*

"Syria and Lebanon." *By A. H. Hourani. Oxford (1946).*

"Independent Iraq." *By Majid Khadduri. Oxford (1951).*

"Iraq: 1900 to 1950." *By S. H. Longrigg. Oxford (1953).*

Social and Economic

"The Middle East: A Political and Economic Survey." *Oxford (in revision, 1958).*

"Land Reform and Development in the Middle East." *By Doreen Warriner. Oxford (1957).* An excellent study of Egypt, Syria, Iraq.

"Egypt at Mid-Century." *By Charles Issawi. Oxford (1954).* Mainly an economic study, and one of the best written on the area.

"Jordan." *By George L. Harris, Editor. HRAF Press (1958).* A Yale socio-economic study.

"Literary History of the Arabs." *By R. A. Nicholson. Cambridge (1953).* The most authoritative study in the English language.

"A Handbook of Mohammedan Art." *By M. S. Dimand. Harvard (1958).*

"Caravan." *By Carleton S. Coon. Holt (1951).* A comprehensive and lively view by an anthropologist.

"The Suez Canal in World Affairs." *By H. J. Schonfeld. Philosophical Library (1953).*

"The Stream of Days." *By Taha Hussein. Longmans, Green (1948).* One of the most important writers in Arabic describes his blind childhood.

"Growing Up in an Egyptian Village." *By Hamed Ammar. Grove Press (1954).*

"Modern Trends in Islam." *By H. A. R. Gibb. Chicago (1947).* Analyses of the adaptation of traditional institutions to a modern code of social ethics.

"The Middle East, Oil and the Great Powers." *By Benjamin Schwadran. Praeger (1955).*

"Desert Enterprise: The Middle East Oil Industry in Its Local Environment." *By David H. Finnie. Harvard (1958).*

Israel and the Palestine Problem

"The First Ten Years: A Diplomatic History of Israel." *By Walter Eytan. Princeton (1958).*

"Israel and the Palestine Arabs." *By Don Peretz. Middle East Institute (1958).* Does not offer a solution, but explores the long tragic record of proposals, demands, and intransigence.

"Utopians At Bay." *By Horace M. Kallen. Theodore Herzl Foundation (1958).* A view of Israel and Zionism by a philosopher and humanitarian.

"The State of Israel." *By L. F. Rushbrook Williams. Macmillan (1958).* Economic and social accomplishments.

"The Struggle for Palestine." *By J. C. Hurewitz. Norton (1950).* A thoroughly documented study of the problem from 1936 to 1948.

"The Arab-Israeli War, 1948." *By Edgar O'Ballance. Praeger (1957).* An accurate and thorough military study.

"The Politics of Israel." *By Marver H. Bernstein. Princeton (1957).*

—Jeanette Wakin.

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The Domestic Economy of a Genius

"The Last Year of Thomas Mann," by Erika Mann *(translated by Richard Graves; Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 119 pp. $3.50), is a personal reminiscence of the distinguished German writer's last works and concluding days, written by his daughter. Henry Hatfield, our reviewer, is a member of the department of Germanic languages at Harvard, and the author of the literary study, "Thomas Mann."*

By Henry Hatfield

THOMAS MANN'S last year was rich in achievements as well as in honors, crowded with events and encounters as well as with the unceasing labor of production. Including both small things and great, Erika Mann has drawn a moving portrait of her father which represents her own aspect of the truth, her personal view of a many-sided and complex genius. No one can question the correctness of her image of Thomas Mann; but another person, writing from a different point of view, might shape a very different image—and be equally "correct." To Miss Mann, her father's three cardinal characteristics were "modesty, kindness, and humor." One could object that Mann's famous statement, in exile, "Where I am, is Germany," while in a noble sense profoundly true, is not an excessively modest remark. Yet Mann worried, she tells us, continually and sincerely that his best efforts would prove inadequate; he thought for instance that "Death in Venice," of all stories, was "not good enough" for publication in a leading German literary journal. In other words, Mann, like his own fictional heroes, was a complicated person, by no means always a model of consistency. The most devoted of daughters, Miss Mann has a regard for her father which hardly stops this side of idolatry, but the picture she draws is credible and human.

There is an abundance of fascinating detail here. Anyone interested in modern literature, in an account of the domestic economy of a genius, or in getting the "feel" of modern Germany should find the book interesting, though the description of Mann's last illness may prove too harrowing for some. Erika Mann identifies herself to such an extent with her father's view of the world that the effect is uncanny at times. What she writes about the look in the eyes of the dying novelist might almost, one feels, have been taken from a page in "The Magic Mountain." Less happily, she has adopted Mann's curious fascination with numerology.

—*Pix.*

Erika Mann—"the picture she draws is credible and human."

The great achievement of the "last year" was the delivery of the commemorative address on Schiller; published later in a much longer form, it is the most eloquent and moving of his essays. In his evocation of the German poet, Mann appears almost transformed: the sense of despair which marked much of his late work has disappeared, and the master of irony speaks, unexpectedly and convincingly, in the terms of affirmation. Bitterness seems to have vanished, in those last months, from his personal world as well. In Holland, where the Germans had inevitably been mistrusted, to put it mildly, since the invasion of 1940, he was welcomed by an enthusiastic audience and received by the Queen. Even his own countrymen, long suspicious, seem to have forgiven Mann for having been right about Hitler and Hitlerism. Thus the last year had in many ways a brighter tone than those which preceded it.

This little book has great intrinsic interest. As the account of the las works and days of a great writer, it should win new readers for Mann. Unfortunately, the translation is not felicitous, but perhaps the importance of the subject will triumph over that very real handicap.

● *Death was gentle with him, and the last year of his life was illuminated and warmed by grace—the same filled his "Joseph," that crowns "The Holy Sinner," and that was at last vouchsafed to him because he was true and had fulfilled himself. This grace was visible. Anyone who saw him toward the end of his life, whether in Stuttgart or in Weimar, in Lübeck, Kilchberg, or Zürich, in Amsterdam or The Hague, must have perceived the radiance that issued from him and illumined all his endeavors. He was, as is known, an accomplished speaker, a performer of the highest rank. Yet it is neither his talent nor his technique, nor the sum of both, that can explain the rare emotional force that emanated from him, especially toward the end. What touched and almost invariably captivated his audience was his personality, with all its secrets, its heights, and its depths, which, when one thinks of them in connection with a man of eighty, can only be called the hallmarks of grace.*

● *He who was so vulnerable, so easily hurt and depressed, was completely indifferent to danger. He clung to life because he loved his work, and, as he says, during all the years that he spent down here, he had been bound by ties of affection to this green earth. But when his time came to die, he would go without fuss—and so it was.*

—From *"The Last Year of Thomas Mann."*

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While the Troops Were Away

***"King Mob," by Christopher Hibbert** (World. 249 pp. $4.95), is an account of Lord George Gordon and his nefarious role in the turbulent anti-Catholic riots of 1780.*

By John T. Winterich

THIS is the story of the London "No Popery" riots of June, 1780, and of their instigator, Lord George Gordon. America is one up on England here; the New York draft riots of 1863 produced a thousand deaths, more or less; the best figure Mr. Hibbert can come up with for his show is "probably not less than 850." Mobs do not customarily maintain registration services for graves; mortuary data are, of necessity, sketchy.

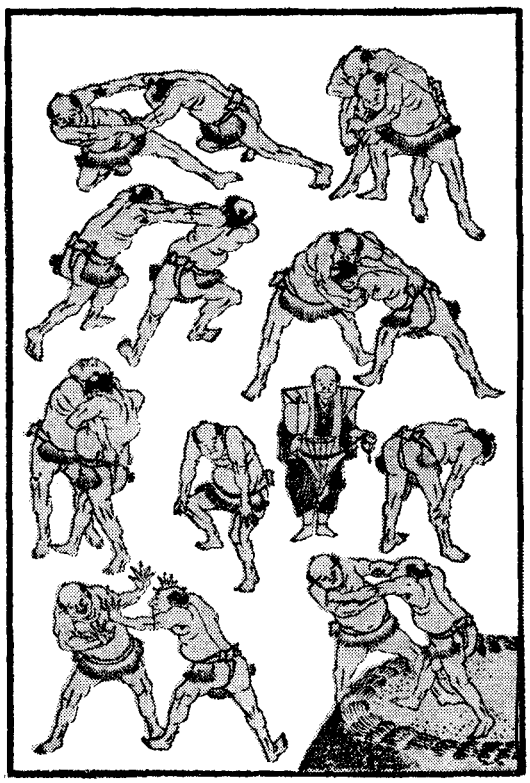
The London ruckus began with a march on Parliament by 40,000 anti-Catholic petitioners, but the procession quickly got out of hand. When the rioters broke into Newgate and freed the inmates, the fat was in the fire. Other prisons were soon emptied, and 2,000 convicts, many of them under sentence of death, stormed through the streets in heady freedom. A captured distillery contributed its contents to the pandemonium; when the structure was set afire, many of the celebrants were in such profound alcoholic stupor that they quietly burned to death. The basic cause of the trouble had quickly been forgotten—this was rioting for rioting's sake. For one warm spring week, London was hell on earth. The property loss was stupendous.

Why didn't somebody break the thing up? Why didn't somebody break up the Johnstown flood? London had no police force in the modern sense. Most of the soldiery were in America. Such troops as were musterable could get no orders from the civil authority and held their fire. When a few muskets finally did let loose, not over heads but into them, the beginning of the end was at hand.

Lord George Gordon was tried for high treason and acquitted on grounds of insanity. Imprisoned in a refurbished Newgate on a libel conviction, he spent the rest of his life there in considerable comfort, and died within the walls in 1793, aged forty-one. Sometime in the late 1780s he had become an orthodox Jew, and he remained firm in his new faith to the end.

Mr. Hibbert has let his story pick its own gait; no build-up, no dramatizing was needed. Many of his cited eye-witnesses, moreover, were themselves highly capable recorders of events. No other comparable convulsion was ever beheld at such close range by so notable a roster of writers. Fanny Burney, unfortunately, was out of town, but her father, and her sisters Charlotte and Susan, were unwilling but not unobserving front-row spectators. Edward Gibbon saw history made before his eyes by "the scum" that "boiled up to the surface in the huge cauldron" of beleaguered London. Sir Joshua Reynolds sped to the home of his friends Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Burke, who had been frantically packing their papers. Hester Lynch Thrale's brewery was saved from destruction only by the "astonishing presence of mind" of its manager. Horace Walpole's letters recreated the whole affair voluminously and vividly. James Boswell pontificated that "there was no combination or plan either domestic or foreign" behind the incident, thus absolving the Americans and the French of

(*Continued on page* 31)



SKETCHES FROM LIFE: Contrary to the stylized art of Japan most familiar to Westerners are the sketches of the nineteenth-century woodblock artist, Hokusai. His fifteen volumes of *Manga,* or "sketches from life," capture the roistering vitality of fishermen, jugglers, dancers, and wrestlers. In **"The Hokusai Sketchbooks"** (Tuttle, $10), James A. Michener, who selected an abundant representation of Hokusai's exuberant works, enhances the reader's enjoyment with extensive and appreciative commentaries.

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The Active Life of *Número Uno*

***"Arena," by Charles Grayson** (Rinehart. 312 pp. $3.95), is a novel about a famed matador who has his troubles both in and out of the bull ring. The noted English critic Kenneth Tynan, who reviews the book, is a long-time* aficionado *and the author of "Bull Fever."*

By Kenneth Tynan

BASICALLY, there are only two bullfight novels. One deals with a novice on the way up, the other with a veteran on the way down. (The same applies to novels about prize fighting and the theatre.) Or perhaps one should say they are two halves of the same novel. Part I: Manolo, child of the Seville slums, learns his art by practising at night with illegal bulls, achieves premature fame, is spurned by duke's daughter, takes to sherry, staggers into ring for vital comeback fight, is gored, staggers back to triumph (*viz.*: "The old Duque was first on his feet, crying: 'This it is to torry bulls! Not since Joselito, brother of the Divine Bald One, have these eyes seen the receiving kill, most difficult of all hazards, so nobly executed!' And the tears staining his daughter's proud cheekbones affirmed that the wizened grandee spoke sooth.") In Part II, Manolo is a waning star who clings to his profession because of "something throbbing deep down that sang in his blood as it had sung in his father's." By luck he gets a contract to appear in Madrid, staggers into ring for comeback fight, is gored, staggers back to triumph. This time everyone is first on his feet, and there isn't a dry cheekbone in the plaza.

Mr. Grayson has broken with custom by writing neither of these stories, and on this he must be congratulated. On little else, however. Instead of hysterical melodrama, he gives us static melodrama: his hero Rodrigo, a surly blockhead, is the undisputed *número uno* of bullfighting at the beginning of the book, and remains so to the end. The American in the story, on whom the sale of the screen rights depends, is a divorced journalist who writes bullfight reviews and travels between Spain and Mexico, presumably to offer a choice of locations. His conversation is a picturesque blend of the laconic ("If you've got a burr up your butt, let's unwind it") and the ecstatic ("It isn't a sport, Bill! An exhibition! A spectacle of death, with a catharsis of pity and fear.") This attempt to be rapturous and tight-lipped at the same time, not unknown elsewhere in recent American writing, produces some weird results, as when the journalist, hearing that he may become boss of an international press agency, exclaims: "I had no idea—somewhere up there, yes. But topside!" The plot, an affair of fits and stops, concerns his battle with the matador for the bed of a high-born girl named Stella, who has "eyes luminous behind their fence of dark lashes," and an old father up to here in nostalgia: "Lifting a glass to [the portrait], he again blessed the genius Augustus John for having captured the essence of his dead wife for whom he would long forever." The only safe way to write about hot countries is to stick to a cool style. Mr. Grayson's is sunstruck.

I don't blame him, however, for failing to solve the two biggest problems facing the Anglo-Saxon bullfight novelist. One is the matter of translating Spanish colloquialisms: Andalusian banter (*e.g.*, "Little filth! I'll spank you dumb") invariably sounds strained and clotted in English. The other is even more difficult: how to convey to the nonexpert enough unobtrusive technical knowledge for him to understand what is going on in the ring. Mr. Grayson fails out of anxiety to impart too much. We thus get bullfighters and *aficionados* constantly exchanging, with elaborate casualness, items of taurine information which both must have known since childhood. But this kind of thing is probably unavoidable and won't disturb the average reader.

Specialists, over whom any book with a bull in it exerts a steady charm, will be quick to jump on the technical errors, especially as the literary rewards are so slight. Mr. Grayson knows enough about the bulls (indeed, his novel might be described as a "Corrida's Digest") not to be forgiven his two major *gaffes*: he seems unaware that tails are never awarded as trophies in Madrid, and on two occasions he has a *novillero* fighting on the same bill with full matadors, which would be impossible anywhere.

—Robert L. Hill.

William Du Bois—"authentic detail and penetrating observation."

Marquee Making

***"The Falcon's Shadow," by William Du Bois** (Putnam. 252 pp. $3.75), delves into the theatrical world of Broadway in a story about producers, stars, and "angels." It is reviewed by John G. Fuller, who recently adapted the novel "Love Me Little" for the stage.*

By John G. Fuller

THERE are as many theories as to what makes a good novel as there are novels. Sooner or later, they all boil down to two things: do you *believe* the story, and do you *really* care about the people in it.

"The Falcon's Shadow" is written with solid, professional authority. The background—that of the Broadway theater and of a play in the making—is sketched with authentic detail and penetrating observation. But when Mr. Du Bois gets around to people, he is not on such sure ground. He simply does not provide us with anyone we can really care for, and the things that his people do are hard to believe.

Channing Phelps, the weak and vacuous producer of the play, is depicted in a style equally weak, vacuous, and ill-defined. Pat Malone, the wealthy backer of the play, is not meant to be sympathetic—but she isn't interesting enough to commar the attention she receives. Dick Sargent, the stage manager, and Sally Blake, the star-in-the-making, are both only illusive shadows of people. Roy Girard, the director, does not come out of the printed page with

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the stature his character is supposed to command. We are left with a story without focus, however competently written.

The modern commercial Broadway theater is a vicious and uncompromising clash of wills and viewpoints. Mr. Du Bois does capture that feeling in all its rawness. But he asks us to believe certain things which are extremely hard to justify: that a faculty member of a small college, on writing his first play, would demand of the producer that his mistress be given a leading role; that the producer and director would even consider such a demand (which they do in the story). It is not that these things *couldn't* happen; it is that they are unlikely to happen, and Mr. Du Bois does not draw them with enough skill to give us the illusion that they do happen.

In addition, we are given approximately seventeen pages of the scenario of the play in the book, which is rather dull reading, and contributes nothing to the characters or the story. It's a laborious device which asks the reader to believe that this could be dictated practically ad lib in a short session on a plane and in an office meeting. Many plays have been written and rewritten at top speed. Many plays have been saved in the Hotel Taft at New Haven—and many others ruined. The plays which succeed under these conditions are the rare exceptions. The author, in detailing some of this process, bogs down in technicalities which do nothing to enrich the characters in the novel.

The modern theater is loaded with both gentle and abrasive villainy. Much of it is so subtle and agonizing that it is almost impossible to believe in either truth or fiction. "The Falcon's Shadow," in attempting to show this, falters in the departments of plausibility and empathy. And without these, the merits of the author's style and force are lost.

LAND OF FU MANCHU: Item, an enormous family chronicle covering thirty years. Item, a silvery-blonde Norwegian girl, very beautiful and happily neurotic. Item, a mysterious Japanese Baron in the service of the Kempetai, proficient in the arts of cross-examination, torture, and murder. Item, a careless young Frenchman who may or may not be the long-sought secret agent, Foxface, sent to harass the Japanese from Chungking. Item, assorted White Russian spies working for and against the Japanese, mostly from beauty parlors. All these items, and a few more, go to make **"The Time of the Dragons"** (Viking, $4.95).

It is all very puzzling, and almost totally incredible, though the author, Alice Ekert-Rotholz, vouches for the truth of some parts of the story and gives short historical summaries at intervals, telling us for example on what day the Japanese attacked Shanghai, and why. These historical notes should not be taken seriously. They gild the gingerbread, which in this case happens to be the mysterious pre-Communist Orient inhabited by perfumed spies and all the sons of Dr. Fu Manchu, who here appears disguised as Baron Matsubara. It is old stuff, *circa* 1910, and no self-respecting voyager in the Fu Manchu territory will believe a word of it.

Fortunately or unfortunately, a good many people will read it avidly, and those who believe the Orient was invented by Sax Rohmer will be confirmed in their beliefs. Even Vivica—the silvery-blonde Norwegian girl—succumbs to the spell. When the war is over, she wanders away from her American husband to pass a pleasant afternoon in the company of the mysterious Baron, attracted by his aristocratic demeanor and the memory of the tortures he has inflicted on her. There follows a chaste attempt at seduction in the garden house, and the fireworks begin. Her husband goes off his rocker. The head of the Matsubara house attempts to throw himself into the mouth of a volcano. Vivica, escaping from the Baron's clutches, weeps herself to sleep outside a Buddhist temple, where she is found by her husband, who says: "Why do you do this to me, baby?" Vivica offers no explanation. For that matter explanations have been rare throughout her lengthy career.

Some years later the Baron visits Paris and takes in a show of Vivica's water colors in one of those galleries near St. Germain-des-Près. He is immensely gratified to observe that Vivica shows in her paintings some understanding of the mysteries of Oriental art. It is a touching moment, but since the Baron takes a plane for Peking the next day, we shall never know exactly what he thought of the paintings. —ROBERT PAYNE.

RAGS TO RICHES: **"Queen Midas"** (Little, Brown, $3.75) by Joseph F. Dinneen deals with the richest material—the rise of an immigrant Irish girl into a financial tycoon and political manipulator of formidable powers. It is unfortunately full of wretched language and emotion. I thought it a biography to be sure, but the kind of biography that fills or used to fill the Sunday supplements; a journalistic rather than a literary effort.

This is too bad. Mr. Dinneen has a wonderful and colorful theme and

(*Continued on page 32*)

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER: Nicholas Bentley is a cartoonist, a writer of wry prose, and a poet of *sec* verse. He is also an Englishman. His sketches of bespectacled and beleaguered Britishers in **"How Can You Bear to Be Human?"** (Dutton, $2.95), prove that the question is no mere rhetoric.

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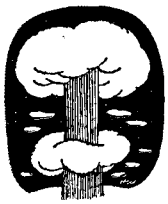
Reverence for This Wonderful World



"No More War," by Linus Pauling *(Dodd, Mead. 254 pp. $3.50), is the Nobel Prize-winning chemist's book about nuclear weapons, in which he explains the effects of radiation, reviews other scientists' concern, and proposes a plan for international nuclear control.* SR's *reviewer is Charles C. Price, who is chairman of the Department of Chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania and the past chairman of the American Federation of Scientists.*

By Charles C. Price

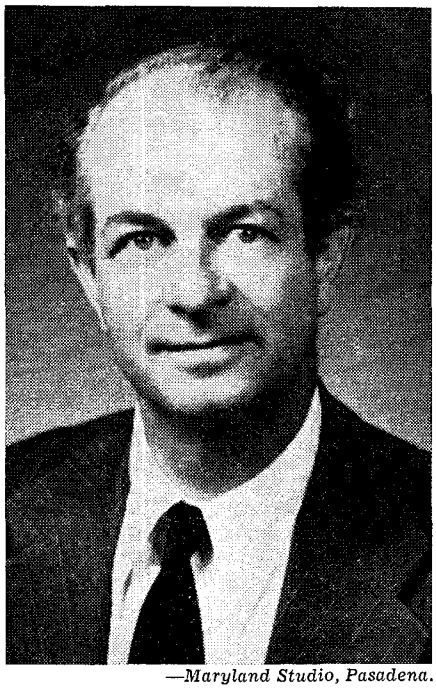
LINUS PAULING, Nobel Prize-winning chemist and distinguished teacher at the California Institute of Technology, expresses his fervent hope and determined goal in the title of his new book, "No More War." His book consists essentially of three main parts.

First, Pauling clearly presents the facts about the nature of nuclear war, the biological effects of radiation, and the hazards of radioactive fallout. The facts are presented in as objective and quantitative a manner as present knowledge permits. The technical terms are all defined and presented so as to be understandable to the intelligent lay reader. This portion of the book represents a most valuable summary of basic facts which so vitally affect the future of civilization and of which all informed citizens must become thoroughly aware.

Secondly, Pauling presents a most interesting background story of the concern of scientists over the threat of doom under which we now live. In appendices, he presents a 1946 statement by Einstein, the 1955 "Mainau Declaration of Nobel Laureates," and the 1957 "Declaration of Conscience" by Albert Schweitzer. In the text, he outlines the evolution of "an Appeal by American Scientists to the Governments and Peoples of the World," signed by 2,000 American scientists and presented to President Eisenhower in June 1957 and the appeal to the UN, signed by 11,000 scientists from forty-nine nations and presented to Dag Hammarskjold in January 1958. This is a fascinating story and underlines the deep and spontaneous concern of the scientists of the world over the nuclear threat to humanity.

Thirdly, Pauling urges immediate steps to reach international agreements leading to justice, order, and peace. Without presenting specific proposals for the long-range basis for achieving these goals, Pauling does argue strongly for an inspected ban first on nuclear weapons testing, followed by other steps to control nuclear and conventional armaments. A more novel proposal is that the UN be empowered by the nations to set up a "World Peace Research Organization."

This organization would not be for the purpose of establishing policy, but should be viewed as a gathering of scholars and thinkers, charged with the important duty of "research for peace." Great sums are now spent for research for industry and research for war. Pauling argues that even a modest investment supporting an organized effort on "research for peace" could lead to many important suggestions for real progress in this direction. It is indeed a proposal of great originality and merit, deserving of serious consideration and support, so that we no longer need depend solely on accident or good luck in building a just and peaceful world.



—*Maryland Studio, Pasadena.*

Linus Pauling—"I believe in morality, justice, in humanitarianism."

Throughout the book, Pauling reveals the deep reverence the scientist has for the wonderful world we live in and the incredibly marvelous creation of life. For the first time in history, man's reason and curiosity has not only probed the depths and wonders of the world of nature, but the very knowledge we have gained threatens now to alter horribly or even to destroy entirely the thread of life itself. This knowledge is certainly behind the grave concern of the scientists about the absolute necessity of avoiding nuclear war.

The title of Pauling's book, "No More War," is thus not merely a noble objective or a pious hope, it is an imperative command which can be ignored only to the utmost jeopardy of civilized life on this planet. Scientists like Linus Pauling are desperately trying to inform the people of the U.S. and the world of the altogether new evil which faces us. Man has lived with evil of all kinds for centuries—evil which has caused great human suffering throughout history. But no evil we have ever faced before compares with the evil of nuclear war.

Nuclear war, and its attendant radiation hazards, are uniquely evil in that irreversible damage to the biological environment which makes life on this planet the wondrous opportunity it is. It is the hope of preventing man's comparatively petty differences and artificial and accidental barriers of race, religion, and nationality from precipitating catastrophe, which compels men like Pauling and Schweitzer and Russell and Einstein to speak so vigorously and repeatedly.

Perhaps the view is best expressed by the last two paragraphs from "No More War":

> I believe in morality, justice, in humanitarianism. We must recognize now that the power to destroy the world by the use of nuclear weapons is a power that cannot be used—we cannot accept the idea of such monstrous immorality.
>
> The time has now come for morality to take its proper place in the conduct of world affairs; the time has now come for the nations of the world to submit to the just regulation of their conduct by international law.

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Spadework in Garden of Survival

"Inspection for Disarmament," edited by Seymour Melman *(Columbia University Press. 308 pp. $6), is an analysis of the disarmament problem with recommendations for international outlawing of nuclear weapons. The study is evaluated by Robert Rienow, who is a professor of Political Science at the State University of the New York College for Teachers and the author of "Calling All Citizens."*

By Robert Rienow

AN IMPRESSIVE galaxy of scientific and management experts with compasses, surveying instruments, and computers cannot by themselves slash out a new road for mankind free of the threat of international banditry. This conclusion is underlined by the thorough analysis sponsored by the Institute of War and Peace Studies entitled "Inspection for Disarmament," edited by Seymour Melman. Nor was it the purpose of this volume to set up a magic-eye system of peace by enlisting technology on the side of disarmament.

Under the foundation support of Mr. Earl D. Osborn and the Institute of International Order, the editor solicited eighteen technical papers which make up Part II of the study. "To what extent," each expert was asked, "can the most advanced techniques in your specialized area be used to enforce an international disarmament agreement, full or partial?" What are the capabilities and limitations of aerial inspection? Can disarmament be controlled by mathematical sleuthing in the ledgers of national budgets? What risk is there of having peaceful fissionable material purloined for military purposes? These are samples of the technical spadework that has turned up a garden full of authoritative information.

Professor Melman, with skill and brevity, has drawn such hope and drafted such designs of disarmament as the scientific wisdom he has recruited will sustain. The entire study is built on an assumption "that a disarmament agreement would help to preserve the human species, and to prevent a world holocaust." The thesis here is that nations might be induced to disarm—at least partially—if they felt any assurance that the move was mutual.

Yet, is this fear of a double-cross the major stumbling-block to disarmament? Is it not rather that nation-states, almost by definition, lack the political machinery (and the will to create it) for peacefully resolving their conflict of interests? Would, therefore, even the most confident insistence that inspection techniques made disarmament enforceable aid in denting the armor of nation-states? It is the dogma of nationalism and the worship of sovereignty which remain the basic obstacles to disarmament and its effective policing.

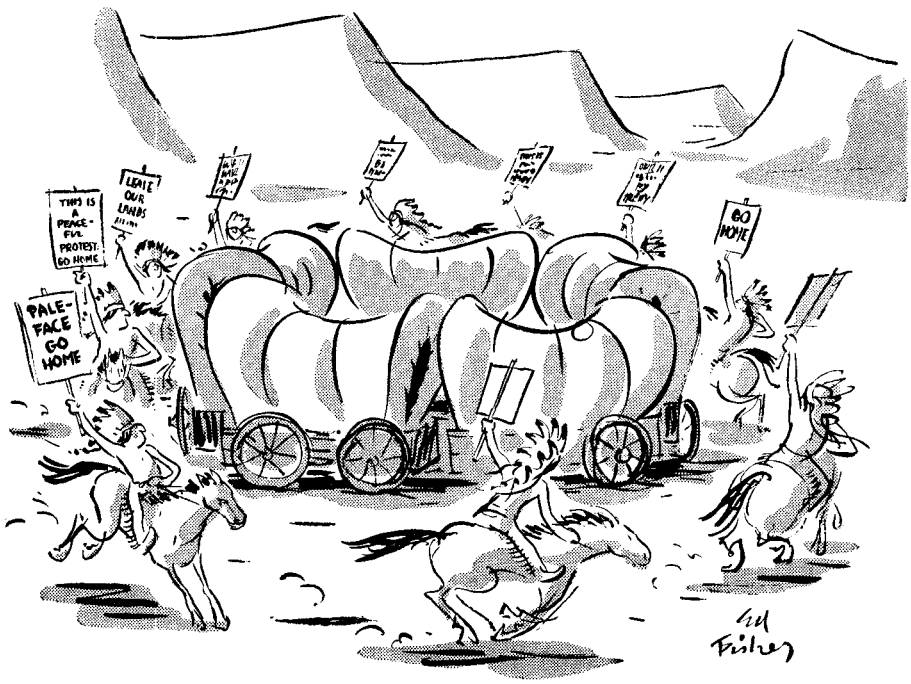
Indeed, the weaknesses "inherent in an inspection system which places primary emphasis on the inspection of physical things," Professor Melman seeks to attack with "inspection by the people."

"Inspection by the people" turns out to be a political plea for a supranational allegiance that would make individual betrayal of national clandestine operations a kind of international patriotism. "It is invaluable," he says, "to develop understanding and allegiance that cross national boundaries. Widespread allegiance to ideals of peaceful living and humanitarian methods would undermine the nationalist appeals of any major effort to evade a world-wide disarmament agreement."

A six-nation poll (U. S., Britain, France, West Germany, India, and Japan) made in March, 1958 (if taken at face value) surprisingly indicates that eighty per cent of all Americans —and a similar percentage in the others—*would* report the secret manufacture of forbidden weapons by their own country. This poll, however, is flimsy evidence; alter, for instance, one circumstance so that the Middle East becomes a Soviet satellite by subversion—and the ensuing fright and petroleum famine would change the picture entirely. The study admits that the possibility of "inspection by the people" within the Soviet sphere is a decidedly doubtful factor.

Yet this study has cleared out much of the suspended technical silt in the disarmament test tube. We now know, for instance, that monitoring stations at 300 mile intervals—twenty-five in the Soviet Union and seven in the United States—would be relatively effective in detecting nuclear bomb tests. We have hopeful scientific appraisal of aerial inspection techniques. We have verification of the weaknesses of critical production controls. We are prodded to act now on missile limitations because missile nests will be as hard to find as "manhole covers from 50,000 feet in the air."

This timely and objective volume brings light to dark places. It may even bring Mr. Dulles to revise his July 3 assertion that the problems of preventing surprise attack are "primarily technical military problems." "Inspection for Disarmament" documents the shortcomings as well as the capabilities of push-button warning systems.



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Evidence of Evil

"Knights of Bushido: The Shocking History of Japanese War Atrocities," *by Lord Russell of Liverpool (Dutton. 335 pp. $5), reports upon evidence offered at the Tokyo trial in an attempt to unearth causes for World War II crimes. Paul S. Dull, our reviewer, is professor of history at the University of Oregon and the co-author of "The Tokyo Trials."*

By Paul S. Dull

WAR atrocities is such a revolting subject that the choice of the topic imposes heavy obligations upon any responsible author. The book must be necessary to state the record of man's capacity for inhumanity to man. Necessity proved, it should be written with scholarly care and balance. If the author goes further into the field of causes, and surely this would be of tremendous value, he should know what he is writing about. Otherwise, atrocity books, similar to pornography, may be only thrillers for the psychologically abnormal or books of hate for the racist.

Lord Russell utilizes the record of the Tokyo trial as his major source. So far so good, because this record, unlike its Nuremberg counterpart, has never been published. Thus the test of necessity is met. However, Lord Russell uses only the prosecution's theory and judgment from the transcript. This does not constitute a serious bias when the atrocities themselves are described, for little contradictory evidence was offered by the defense.

It is when Lord Russell attempts more—to relate the political history of Japan from 1931 to 1941, to find causes for the atrocities, and to discuss the Tokyo trial—that he seriously evades his other obligations, laying himself open to charges of bias, incompetence as a historian of Japan, and simply bad writing.

The writing of history is not the writing of a legal brief nor is the theory of the prosecution, even when accepted in the tribunal's judgment, binding upon the historian. The historian cannot wave off the dissent of Justice Pal (India) as appearing "to have been influenced by other considerations." Nor can a historian ignore totally the defense theory or the later research of scholars; yet Lord Russell does all this so that his chapter "From Mukden to Pearl Harbor" is not good history but a distorted polemic.

Bias is compounded by incompetence and bad writing when Japan is analyzed by use of Nazi Germany as the norm and *Hakko Ichiu* and *Kodo* are made similar to the *Herrenvolk* doctrine and Hashimoto becomes "the free-lance Goebbels of Japan." The clichés describing Japanese policy from 1933 to 1936 as a "cloak of deception," censorship as rearing "its ugly head," the Neutrality Pact with Russia as a "great act of perfidy," and Nomura's negotiations as "smoke-screen diplomacy" add to the evasion of obligation.

—Bil. E. Jordan.

Lord Russell of Liverpool—"history is not the writing of a legal brief."

The explanation for the atrocities is simplified into "uncivilizied, ill-treatment of prisoners of war . . . was the natural outcome of the code of Bushido." The Japanese soldier was taught surrender was dishonorable, so that an enemy prisoner had forfeited by his dishonor all rights. One might well ask why the soldier of 1914, closer to Bushido than his 1941 counterpart, treated the Germans captured at Tsingtao so well. Is not the answer infinitely more complicated than this?

The discussion of the Tokyo trial, likewise, is one-sided and incomplete. The questions of *ex post facto* law, what is legally a crime against humanity, the defendants' responsibility, and the legality of the tribunal do have a side for historians other than that argued by the prosecution.

Not so much to quibble as to speak again to the question of knowledge of things Japanese, it is *"hara kiri,"* not *"hara kari,"* "Shigimitsu," not "Shigimitzu," and "Suzuki," not "Susuki."

Lord Russell might have justified his choice of topic had he confined himself to his subtitle. When he did not, he so evaded his obligations as to write a bad book in questionable taste.

1934

By Donald Hall

IN nineteen-thirty-four I spent July
At a small farm, my mother's father's. I
Was five years old. Father got *White's News-Letter*
Fridays, which said that things were looking better.
Bright Model A's kept speeding past each day,
Fouled by the eagles of the N.R.A.,
And blew their brassy horns at us, the farm
Where nothing and no one ever came to harm.
Men walked along the ditch, alone or in twos,
Stopping to let the sand out of their shoes,
And saw the house stretch back, a decent wall
Of clapboard, like a house they could recall.
They always stopped. My father said they might
Burn us and all the cattle up at night,
If we refused them food. Grandmother spread
The butter that she churned upon the bread
The baker peddled, airy, corrupt and stale,
And dipped them milk, out of my grandfather's pail,
And answered that we had no work right here,
Leastwise right now, but maybe they could peer
Up north a ways, perhaps and possibly.
At any rate, she knew that she could see
Pine timber trucking south in a heavy load
Five or six times a day. They took the road
Up north, or hopped a freight at Danbury where
Freight stopped to give the mail a thoroughfare.
Who needed mail in nineteen-thirty-four?
Somebody did, who needed it before.

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PHILOSOPHY

Man, His World, and His God

"The Coming World Civilization" *(Harper. 210 pp. $3.75) and* ***"The Meaning of Immortality in Human Experience,"*** *(Harper. 263 pp. $3.50)* ***by William Ernest Hocking*** *are two of the most recent books by this distinguished philosopher-theologian who celebrated, on August 10, his eighty-fifth birthday. Henry Pitt Van Dusen, who reviews Dr. Hocking's long career, is the president of Union Theological Seminary.*

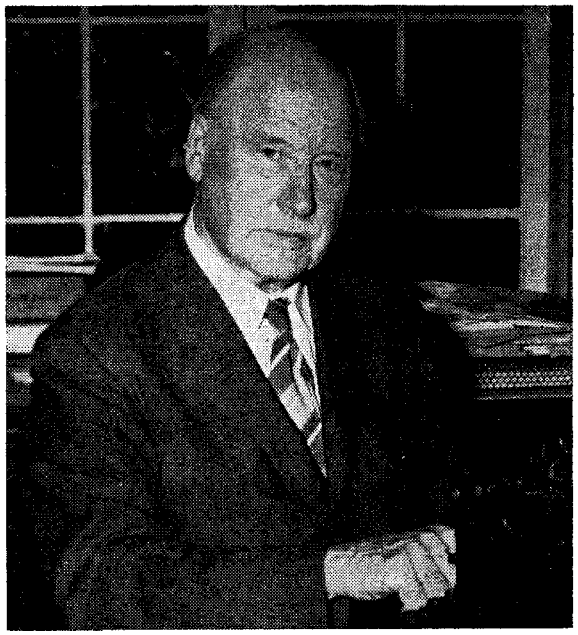
By Henry Pitt Van Dusen

JUST over forty-five years ago, a volume appeared which proclaimed to all with eyes to see that a new luminary had arisen in the American philosophical firmament, then dominated by the Harvard constellation of Royce, James, Palmer, Münsterburg, and Santayana.

The writer was not young, almost forty; he had devoted some years to engineering before turning to Harvard College and philosophy. But he was comparatively unknown, having just returned from an apprenticeship on the West Coast to an assistant professorship at Yale. It is doubtful if any first book of an American thinker has so immediately and securely established its author within the front rank of his profession. Sixteen months after publication, a fifth printing was required. And by then the writer had been added to the Harvard galaxy as Alford Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity. The budding philosopher was William Ernest Hocking. "The Meaning of God in Human Experience" was hailed as, and remains, one of the most original, profound, and enduringly important (though currently neglected) works of this century in the borderland between philosophy and theology. There are many, of whom the present reviewer is one, who would bear grateful testimony to its determinative influence upon their minds and faith.

To a remarkable degree, this initial volume forecast Hocking's intellectual pilgrimage down the years and anticipated both the cast and the conclusions of his thought. Its close to 600 pages were marked by a radical novelty in perspective, a comprehensiveness of insight and understanding, and a distinctive grace of both mind and expression which were to characterize every subsequent contribution from his pen. Its philosophical stance may be identified as a critical synthesis of the truths of both idealism and pragmatism in the loftier apprehensions of mysticism. But its dominating interest was not in the categories or contentions of the schools but always in the testimonies of experience with their metaphysical implications.

On an early page of this first "Meaning" appeared the startling statement: "Unlimited cooperation with God in world-making we have" (p. xvii). At its close stood the hardly less unexpected declaration: "Religion . . . is the forerunner of international law; because it alone can create the international spirit, the international obligation," to which was appended the footnote: "We require a world-religion just because we do not require, nor wish, a world-state." Midway in its discussion was the dictum: "The prospect of individual immortality must be gained if at all by the same painstaking scientific and metaphysical enquiries as justify our confidence in human welfare." Thus were anticipated the three concerns which, among many others, have chiefly preoccupied Hocking's attention in the decades since—world-order, human destiny, the role of religion in relation to both.



Dr. Hocking—"final gifts from . . . a fellow-pilgrim."

Now, close to half a century later and on the eve of his eighty-fifth birthday, Dr. Hocking has gathered into two comparatively modest volumes his life's reflections on these great themes. "The Coming World Civilization" sets forth his hope for the future of civilization; it centers in a partnership of the great religions through "the growing unity of their unlosable essences, the understanding acceptance of variety, and the quiet convergence of purpose in the identity of a historic task." Two lectures on immortality delivered twenty years ago and published then as "Thoughts on Death and Life" (1937) have been revised and combined with a previously unpublished lecture on "The Relativity of Death" (1942) under the new title "The Meaning of Immortality in Human Experience." This title "has intentional reference" to his first published work: "Like that earlier book, it intends to assert that present human experience has something to say about matters commonly regarded as out of the range of empirical knowledge." Here is sound self-disclosure of the determinative context which has enveloped his most important inquiries across the years and binds in complex organic unity his writing from the initial page of the first "Meaning" to the final sentence of this most recent "Meaning": the significance of the loftiest and most delicate *experience* of the great religious realities for our understanding of and confidence in their *validity*.

Characteristically, each volume concludes with a personal "Epilogue," pointing beyond present apprehension and encouraging the hope for more momentous disclosures still to be expected from enlarging experience. The last word on human destiny is: "If, in death, some fragment of the beatific vision should be our lot, arresting and beckoning the passing spirit . . . it would be indeed a glimpse of eternity, and a oneness with the One . . . It would be at once self-recovery, remembrance, and the con-

(*Continued on page* 33)

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The Saturday Review

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From Summit to Survival

WHENEVER the world has been in serious trouble an inevitable demand has gone up for the leaders to get together. The universal theory seems to be that if only the men at the top can be made to sit around the same table the basis for enduring peace can be achieved.

In our time, however, it is not enough to convene the peak personalities. It becomes necessary to convene the peak ideas as well. Peace today is not to be found just by making a trip to some magic mountain, but in putting tall thoughts and purposes to work. The credentials of the participants must be represented not by their titles or ribbons but by their ability to create a totally new way of life among the nations in order that people may continue to exist on this earth.

If a summit meeting produces just a new set of improvised arrangements or understandings to allocate spheres of influence to certain nations, then the summit becomes just another low-level approach to high problems. True, any agreement may produce a respite from the big black headlines, and people may not twitch in anticipation of the next news bulletin; but the world will not stand on the firm ground on which an enduring peace will have to be built.

Against this background, the major problem today is not the existence of American troops in Lebanon or Soviet troops in Hungary. It is the lack of a world organization strong enough to prevent national armed forces from being sent anywhere—as well as to prevent situations from developing that bring national armed forces into play.

In a larger sense, no summit meeting can justify the hopes of the world's peoples unless it attempts to deal with the overriding fact of the twentieth century: the fact that absolute national sovereignty cannot create a workable peace, cannot ensure the cause of freedom, cannot serve the purposes of an evolving world. Indeed, absolute national sovereignty is the fuel which feeds world anarchy and the crises that are bound up deep within it. The ideological differences between Communism and democracy make the anarchy volatile; but it would be a mistake to suppose that if only the ideological conflict could be settled, peace would be the automatic result. The Middle East could erupt in a world war because of the world power struggle—independent of ideologies. The United States went into Lebanon because a surging Arab nationalism threatened our vital interests in that area. Similarly, a deep cleavage within the Communist world itself could touch off a world war. The Soviet Union and Communist China are not being drawn together by events but tend to be pulled apart. Tito of Yugoslavia has become a rallying ground for independent Socialist states, a fact which Communist China, even more than the Soviet Union, seems unwilling to countenance. The clash of conflicting national interests between the Soviet Union and the United States transcends the ideological differences, though the ideological differences are real enough and give power and momentum to the basic divergences on the national level.

It is not easy, of course, for the men at the top to tell each other that they must create and then give way to a higher constituted authority, but this is the nature of the problem. Nor is it easy for them, as the highest representatives of absolute sovereignties, to propose a pooling of sovereignty. But easy or hard, this is the price of a workable peace.

The national leaders might consider why it is believed to be unsound for individual citizens to be allowed to possess firearms, but perfectly proper for the nations themselves to possess the means for rubbing out 600,000 years of human evolution. Until nuclear weapons and the means of mass destruction are outlawed—indeed, until the nations establish law among themselves—the laws inside the nations can only be regarded as a primitive beginning.

IT MIGHT also be useful for men at the summit to consider why a summit meeting should have been necessary in the first place. If the machinery of the United Nations had been able to do the job intended for it, there would be no need for top-level meetings. If the United Nations is to survive, what is necessary is not so much the willingness of the individual nations to refer matters to the U.N. as the built-in authority of the U.N. that can act whether the nations like it or not. At present, the U.N. acts when it has the consent of the parties involved. Thus, it becomes an arbitration agency instead of a law-making and law-enforcing agency. Any policeman who is required to obtain the consent of a law-breaker before he, the policeman, can do his job is not a policeman but a supplicant. The men at the summit have the obligation to agree to a revision conference of the U.N. for the purpose of converting it from an arena of unlimited options to an organization of binding obligations.

Such a revision conference might in fact and in truth justify the use of the term, summit meeting. Its job will be to tame the nations, to define the principles of justice in the world, to bring under rigid control the nuclear arsenals, and to create the basis for the responsible administration of the affairs of the human community.

Even when we do all this, there is no guarantee that it will work. But it at least puts the resources of human intelligence and energy to work where they are most needed—in the cause of a meaningful survival.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

POKING FUN

I SHALL PROBABLY go to my grave wondering how I happened to convey the impression in my book "Verdict!" that I was well satisfied with myself. Reasonably acquainted with the mechanics of writing, I strove mightily to avoid any suggestion of boasting, and yet your reviewer, Mr. William M. Kunstler (*SR* Mar. 15), a person of ability and impartiality, concludes that the exact antithesis appears in its pages. Certainly this must be so or he wouldn't have said so. Nevertheless, it is a mystery to me.

I thought I was poking fun at myself throughout the book except, of course, in the very serious cases. I thought I was writing something which might arouse a chuckle over the subject of the naivete of eagerly-ambitious youth. I thought also that lawyers who have their callow days behind them would recall some of their own experiences nostalgically and amusedly, but it would seem that some readers, and this perhaps could apply to Mr. Kunstler, took me more seriously than I take myself. Moreover, I cannot understand how anyone could believe that anyone who went through the Sacco-Vanzetti case, with its fires of frustration and heartache, could ever feel any conceit.

However, in spite of the sharp comments above indicated I want you to know that I am grateful for the review and I appreciate Mr. Kunstler's kind observations in other parts of his review.

MICHAEL A. MUSMANNO,
Justice, Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Pa.

BLANK EGYPT

WHAT *SR* REFERS to as "pan-African nationalism" was mentioned by John Foster Dulles in his first address as Secretary of State in 1953; only he said: "Throughout Africa the Communists are trying to arouse the native people into revolt against the Western Europeans." In the same address he said: "The purpose of our foreign policy must be to create in other peoples such a love and respect for freedom that they can never really be absorbed by the despotism, the totalitarian dictatorship of the Communist world." A concluding statement was: "I believe that our foreign policies should be open so that you can know what they are." (P.S. It looks to me as though the U.S. Department of Agriculture solved the problem of Nasser; according to your map no one lives in Egypt.)

DONALD E. WHEELER.

Austin, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We hasten to assure Mr. Wheeler that neither the Department of Agriculture nor* SR *has neglected Egypt's people. As everyone knows, Egypt's population is one of the world's outstanding exhibits of concentrated congestion: nearly all her 26 million crowd into a thin belt, a few miles wide, on either side of the Nile. When the cartographer comes to express this distribution by means of the dot-system, it often appears that he has ignored the people altogether, and just drawn the River.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It's a start—but Mrs. Ogg has bearskin wall to wall."

OLD MICROSCOPES?

MY HUSBAND AND I have been blessed with a delightful little boy now in his eighth year. Last fall I started hunting for a microscope. The toy microscopes for children's use are not adequate and new adult microscopes are too expensive. I've tried every way to buy him a good used microscope, but I can't find one in the entire Territory. Do you think any of your readers might have an old microscope which they no longer want or use?

MRS. ADAM F. SCOTT.

P.O. Box 57,
Hawi, Hawaii.

WHATZIT?

IN COMMENT under the heading LITERARY HORIZONS (*SR* June 14) one reads, "Cheever has been writing excellent short stories for twenty years or more with comparatively few kudos." What in the world is a kudo?

There is, to be sure, the Greek *kudos*, meaning acclaim or renown or glory (a singular noun, of course), and if one wishes to use that Greek word he could speak of "comparatively little kudos." But a kudo?

JAMES H. FLYE.

Wichita, Kan.

UTMOST SUSPICION

ANDERSON F. HEWITT'S statement (*SR* June 28) that the student or casual appreciator, "Should see each painting as a portrayal in paint executed by an individual with a compulsion to say something for all time" is an *ex cathedra* pronouncement which even an archbishop would not risk.

There are many reasons why an artist paints or composes, fine reasons which have nothing to do with moral imperatives or personal immortality. One of them was described by James Branch Cabell when he said (and I misquote only slightly): "The literary artist labors primarily to divert himself." You can take the word "literary" out of this sentence if you want to and it still holds.

I suggest that Mr. Hewitt read Sir Thomas Browne on "Urne-Buriall."

NICHOLAS SAMSTAG.

New York, N.Y.

PRIOR CLAIM

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON suspects that the course on TV in Oklahoma "represents our first effort to teach Russian on TV at any level." Just three months ago (*SR* Apr. 19) Jerome Beatty wrote in TRADE WINDS about a TV course in Basic Russian for Technical Reading which was telecast twice weekly for twelve weeks over WRGB, Schenectady, at the unlikely hour of 6:30 A.M. Mr. Beatty noted that our office had been engulfed by requests for the text and that the publisher had gone into an immediate reprinting. Over 6,000 people wrote in for course-material during the first week, and about 1,000 people—from plumbers to plant managers—finished the course. The interest of people in learning Russian went far beyond our expectations.

DONALD E. SCHEIN, *Director,*
Mohawk-Hudson Council on Educational Television,
Riverside School.

Schenectady, N. Y.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Pleasant People

"The Reluctant Debutante" is mostly about coming-out parties during the London "season," and ordinarily this sort of thing wouldn't excite me very much—but it has in it two capable and charming performers, Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall. They make all the difference. The play by William Douglas Home was a piece of fluff (I gather from reliable sources, since I didn't see it) and certainly the screenplay—by the same author—is fluffy, too. It's almost a bore to describe it: something about a teen-ager, half-British, half-American, who comes to London in time to fall into the clutches of a stepmother who wants to introduce her to society. Somehow true love gets into the thing; the teen-ager meets a young drummer who is half-American, half-Italian, and he eventually turns out to be the Duke of Plazatoro, or perhaps it was Positano. Meanwhile the stepmother favors an obnoxious young guardsman. . . . Well, it goes on like that, and half the time it's hilarious.

This is mainly because Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall bring to bear exquisite senses of timing on everything they do—and this everything includes rattling off lines, an entire range of significant expressions and glances, slow swoons, and inelegant pratfalls. Miss Kendall is, of course, ravishingly beautiful in her statuesque way, and part of her comedy stems from her seeming disregard of her extraordinary looks. She has about as much self-consciousness as, let us say, Ma Kettle. There are those of us who will always cherish the memory of Miss Kendall tooting the trumpet in "Genevieve," and I think my memory of Miss Kendall doing a weaving, bobbing half-faint in her current picture will last equally long. The two principals are helped enormously by Angela Lansbury, as a bitchy mother of an English debutante, Diane Clare, who plays her daughter, and above all, Peter Myers, as the young British bore. Mr. Myers is a first-rate comedian, and his bit about how to get in and out of London without hitting traffic tie-ups could stand by itself in a music hall or nightclub.

The young lovers are another matter. The debutante is played by Sandra Dee, a cute youngster with an almost frightening amount of *savoir faire,* considering her lack of experience in the acting profession. Rivaling her in self-confidence is John Saxon, a young man who takes the news that he is the Duke of Positano, complete with ancestral estate and villa in Capri, with an almost unbearable nonchalance. But evidently these two kids have read reports that they rate highly with teen-age fans, and have taken the news seriously. Vincente Minelli has done what he could with them, but he obviously felt much more at home with the rest of the cast.

* * *

In **"The Matchmaker"** the characters constantly interrupt themselves in the middle of their scenes and address the audience, and while I realize this trick was an integral part of Thornton Wilder's play, I'm not at all sure it benefits the movie very much. Amounts to sort of an invasion of privacy. Nevertheless, the broad, farcical style of the play has been transferred to the movie, and the playing is ingratiating, even though only one member of the original cast, Robert Morse, remains. "The Matchmaker" is probably not the best of movie material, because of its deliberately creaky artificiality, and I am wondering why the late Don Hartman, the producer, did not choose to do the film in color. The realistic black-and-white medium doesn't serve the story too well.

Shirley Booth takes over the role of the Yonkers matchmaker that Ruth Gordon made so famous on Broadway and, considering her gentle quality, does very well with it. Anthony Perkins, Paul Ford, and Shirley MacLaine provide some comedy, too (although they don't quite match the ease in the playing of Robert Morse as Barnaby, the store apprentice), but I kept having the uneasy feeling that the play had never quite made a smooth transition into the film form. This in spite of the fact that it makes for an undeniably lively movie show. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

16mm Films

"THE DAY MANOLETE WAS KILLED" (19 min.), an incredibly moving biography of this famous Spanish bullfighter, composed entirely of still pictures so penetrating and vital that they reveal more action and emotion than moving pictures usually do. An exceptional achievement in film biography; produced, written, narrated, and co-directed (with Dave Butler) by Barnaby Conrad. Available for rental and purchase from Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

"G. BERNARD SHAW" (16 min.), an assortment of newsreel material, interspersed with personal recollections of famous people who knew the great man; a valuable, amusing, nostalgic record, but far from being a great film. Available from Brandon Films, see above.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT, AMERICAN" (27 min.), a vivid biography made up of still pictures, drawings, cartoons, and early newsreels of this dynamic reformer and national figure; for classroom use, a painless lesson in history—and for adults, nostalgia, entertainment, and things to think about. Produced by the U.S. Dept. of Defense, with the cooperation of the Theodore Roosevelt Centennial Commission; written and directed by Dan Klugherz. Available for free loan from Association Films, 347 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; for purchase from United World Films, 1445 Park Ave., New York 29, N. Y.

"THE LADY FROM PHILADELPHIA" (60 min.), Edward R. Murrow's TV film of Marian Anderson's musical tour of Southeast Asia under State Department auspices; repititious and slow in some spots, but extremely moving in others. Available for rental only from Contemporary Films, 267 W. 25th St., New York 1, N. Y.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY series of half-hour television films, produced by CBS for The Prudential Insurance Company of America, including some interesting biographical studies—"Gandhi," "Churchill, Man of the Century" (60 min.), "Mussolini," "The Windsors," etc. Available for free loan from Association Films, see above.

WISDOM series of informal half-hour filmed visits with famous people of our time, produced by NBC, and including such outstanding personalities as Pablo Casals, Robert Frost, Herbert Hoover, Wanda Landowska, Sean O'Casey, Bertrand Russell, Igor Stravinsky, Arnold Toynbee, Frank Lloyd Wright, and some dozen others. Available for rental and purchase from Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, 1150 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, Il.

—CECILE STARR.

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Indignation Is Not Enough

THE disappearance from the air of "See It Now" has been treated as a public calamity—which is right. I share all the proper emotions, but they are overshadowed by these circumstances: 1. This public calamity was predictable, it was foreseen, it could have been averted; 2. The chief sufferer, the public, was not sufficiently aware of the danger and, even if it had been, didn't know how to prevent the disaster; 3. Nothing is being done now to prevent the recurrence of the same disaster elsewhere. It is as if a flood had engulfed a city and no one thought of building dams and dikes and levees against the next one; 4. Most alarming of all, the people in the cities along the river are being persuaded that they have no right to protect themselves.

All of these statements can be documented. For the moment, let us say that if they are reasonably near the truth, a drastic overhauling of the broadcast situation is indicated. Again to stay within the bounds of reason, I myself would say that this must be accomplished *within* the framework of commercial network operations.

For the sake of clarity, we must eliminate the team of Edward R. Murrow and Fred Friendly from consideration. It is possible, but I think unlikely, that they were happy to give up the production which required them to use all their capacities and allowed them to operate with dignity and honor. This program was *theirs*—the one they now plan will belong to CBS, which does not imply inferiority, but does indicate a shift in power. As a Murrow-Friendly property, "See It Now" was free to cancel the commercial messages of its sponsor without notification and did so several times and, again without notifying Alcoa, devoted some ten minutes to a documentary about Alcoa which they found interesting. No program on the air was more thoughtfully examined by its owners for its ultimate public values. When, after Murrow's devastating exhibition of Senator McCarthy at work, I expressed misgivings about the imbalance between the power of exposure and the power of defence, Murrow promptly acknowledged the necessity for examining the problem. When I asked him, at that time, what the prospects of the program were, he said, wrily, "We're all expendable." A year later it ceased to be a regular half-hour program.

The issue is, then, between the public and the network. And when I say in all seriousness that the fault of the public is, if anything, greater than the fault of the network I must justify myself by making a distinction. The networks, licensed by the government to use a portion of the air "in the public interest," have an obligation to everybody—to 100 different publics of all ages and of all levels of emotional and intellectual maturity. One of these publics is the minority that feels itself shortchanged by the networks—the group that dislikes to be known as "intellectual." In relation to the mass media these people have committed the sins of indolence, avarice, ignorance, and self-distrust.

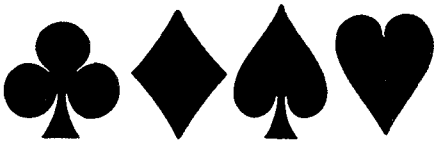
They have been far more concerned with what the media were *not* giving them than with what the media *were* giving to others. They have not acquainted themselves with the actualities—economic, social, technical, and esthetic—within which the mass media work. With the minutest exceptions, they have not tried to accomplish any change in the situations they deplored. And they have excused themselves—washing their hands after cultivating their gardens—by crying out, What can *we* do? We, the happy few, destined to be dragged down by them, the grimy many.

THE consequence in broadcasting, the most important of the public arts, is this: to all intents and purposes, the broadcasters *alone* have defined the FCC's crucial phrase, "the public interest." A social and moral vacuum was created when the FCC refused to provide a definition. And the statesmen and philosophers, the critics and the clergy, the poets and the artists, had neither the wit to see their opportunity nor a sufficient sense of duty to their fellowmen to act.

We need to find a way for the public to define this "public interest," a way for it to make its actual wants known, instead of merely registering a preference by switching from channel to channel.

A blueprint or design for action will be offered in these columns within a few weeks.

—GILBERT SELDES.



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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

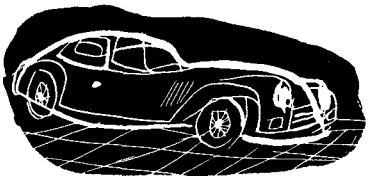
Bringing Up Fathers

IN THE first part of **"The Winter's Tale"** Shakespeare shows the mess that can develop when you go in for long goodbyes. By overdoing the formalities of leavetaking, King Leontes of Sicily persuades his house-guest King Polixenes of Bohemia to stay on. But rather than being grateful to his queen for exercising her charm to this end, Leontes uses the incident to feed his suspicion of her.

In the American production at Stratford, Connecticut, Nancy Wickwire plays the queen as an unblemished wife who—try as she might—has failed to please her husband. John Colicos's Leontes appears a somewhat psychotic despot already predisposed to feeling about his wife as Hamlet did about Ophelia and womankind in general. This poses a problem, for whereas we tend to find Hamlet's cynicism justified by the events preceding it, we are given no excuse for Leontes's attitude. Temporary insanity—cause unknown.

But the John Houseman-Jack Landau production disarms such rational examination. It reminds us at every turn that as far as stage conventions are concerned this is as full of artificial blood and thunder as were the old Italian plays the Elizabethans inherited. Magically, it takes us through the looking-glass to meet characters of the same sternness and inexplicability as the kings and queens one meets on the face of playing cards. And when the time comes to shift from tragedy to comedy the transition is gloriously achieved with a scene in which designer David Hays and lighting specialist Jean Rosenthal produce a terrifying storm.

Not everything in this production works so well, but a surprising amount has been accomplished. Nancy Marchand makes a vindictive Paulina, Ellis Rabb a sensitive Camillo, Will Geer a sarcastic shepherd, Inga Swenson a radiant Perdita, and Hiram Sherman a truly funny court gossip. While one wishes that Earle Hyman would not sing his speeches quite so much, he does make a memorable Autolycus as he gets a nice note of justifying bitterness into his theme song, "Jog on." Marc Blitzstein's music has a stridency appropriate to the underlying toughness of the tale.



IN THE Canadian production at Stratford, Ontario, of the same play Charmion King's queen is prouder and fiercer, and Christopher Plummer's Leontes begins cheerfully and lets his jealousy grow more subtly and rationally. It is less stirring but somewhat more convincing. While Douglas Campbell's production tends to slow the play down for superficial visual effects and unnecessary interludes, the play is still effective. Outstanding is Eileen Herlie's resolute and compassionate Paulina. Bruno Gerussi's Autolycus has an amusing free-as-air touch, and Tammy Lee Grimes has great fun with the small role of Mopsa.

The American production is more ingenious, the Canadian more conventional. While neither really conquers the improbabilities of this tragi-comedy, both are surprisingly well received by audiences. Why this old play should suddenly blossom into such popularity probably has something to do with its constant reference to family matters. Every now and then we find deeply touching moments in which the tragi-comedy of marriage and parenthood is dramatically seized. Shakespeare seems to be saying that the gratification of these two much-criticized institutions is still richer than the materialistic life of that eternal and lonely wanderer, Autolycus.

AMBRIDGE, PA.

IN **"Man's Reach,"** a historical drama about a nineteenth-century religious sect exiled from Germany to a spot near Pittsburgh, an unusual method of stage presentation has been attempted. In a three-acre garden, surrounded by the actual buildings where the Harmonists lived and died, the audience watches scenes unfolding from all directions and at varying distances. This does not always make for the best drama, and as acted by devoted amateurs Gladys Hoover's play aims at only a surface presentation of the highlights in the 100-year history of a sect that doomed itself by vows of celibacy. Yet it does move along with merciful speed and is a fruitful approach to the problem of making a museum visit more memorable than most historical tours.

—HENRY HEWES.

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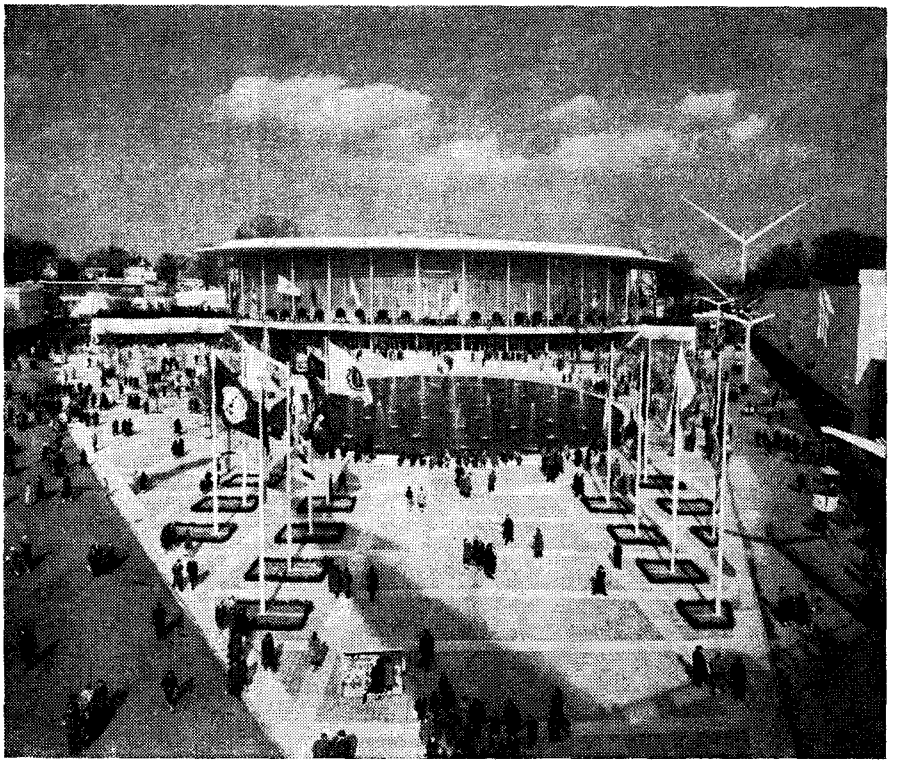
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Positively the Last Word on the Fair



The U. S. Pavilion—"its failing is its stunning architecture."

BRUSSELS.

VISITING the Universal and International Exhibition now in the full flower of its brief life is, if anything, more compelling and more fascinating than those highly-charged days I spent here during the first week the fair opened. For one thing, the scaffolding and the officials are out of the way and the broad avenues, the tree-lined causeways, and even those overpriced aerial cable-cars are packed with the real fairgoers. It is now, if they are ever going to do it, that the government propaganda purveyors, the architects, the display artists, and the spectacle fashioners must pay off.

It is certainly no secret that the pavilions have stolen the fair. There will be no memories after the tents have been folded in October of Sally Rand and her fans, that dazzled Chicago in 1933, or of Gypsy Rose Lee, who did as much for New York in 1939. While the *artistes* in the downtown Brussels nightclubs display themselves with much more abandon than the Misses Rand and Lee ever contemplated, they are certainly not in evidence in the attraction area luring the customers away from the more intellectual displays offered by the participating nations. As many exhibitors have noticed, the great crowds that amble through the fair are not spenders. Except for a few famous restaurants like L'Epaule de Mouton, which has been filling up its tables with reservations dispatched by mail from foreign countries, visitors are not jamming the restaurants and clubs in downtown Brussels. On the fairgrounds itself, the American water follies succumbed to a paucity of customers; the Hawaiian Village, which had been counted on to be a lively dazzler, is not a success. Indeed, about the only attraction drawing the crowds is a gigantic Bavarian barn called the Oberbayern, which seats 4,500 customers whom it serenades with a German band and lubricates with outsized tankards of German beer at eighty cents the stein.

Joyeuse Belgique, a separate enclave whose name the Belgians translate as "Merry Belgium," and which is sort of an uninhibited, Williamsburg-type notion of a Belgian village of the last century, rocks every night and nearly teeters on weekends. But while its forty restaurants and forty-five cafe-bars are the scene of unlimited jollity, the customers seem always to be Belgians themselves, and the passersby always foreigners who look and smile but never participate, like parents peeking in at a prom. The Belgians behave as if beer had just been legalized, and on Flemish Day, a day on which the fair clocked 529,000 customers, a Flemish contingent marched through Merry Belgium, five, six, eight, and ten abreast, singing and shouting, spilling over into the pavilion area where they promptly rioted against the French exhibit because some of its French signs were not duplicated in the Flemish tongue. If the incident seemed a little frightening, it was dismissed by a Belgian official at the fair, who, in a remarkable bit of Dullesian rhetoric, remarked, "When one is young one has to smash some windows."

The Flemish attack on the French pavilion was the only overt action taken against any of the national exhibits, although all spring and summer people of various nations have been busy criticizing their own country's offering. No Americans seem to have had a good word for the Brass Rail, the U. S. restaurant. Howard Cullman, U. S. High Commissioner for the fair, now says he really didn't want the Brass Rail but it was the only nominee willing to spend the cash. Complaints of Southern U. S. Congressmen have already resulted in the removal of the "Unfinished Work" exhibit dealing with U. S. problems of segregation and erosion and housing. It will be replaced with a display of the U. S. Public Health Service.

THESE alterations are not expected to be an important factor in the results of the propaganda battles being waged here. It seems that the countries which have come away with the honors are the Czechs and the British, the former for producing an exhibit of surprising beauty and imagination and the latter for presenting a show that was meticulously well-ordered and expectedly steeped in tradition. No one who visited the Czech building can forget the craftsmanship and the appeal of the many-colored glass fountain spraying water on the delicately shaded palettes, or the tremendous whimsy of the giant tree whose innards were on display, the limbs growing skyward and evolving gradually into wooden dolls, wooden toys, and finally into burlap leaves that floated across the ceiling. All in all the Czech presentation was a major Communist propaganda victory, for almost all who are reached by the works displayed by the Czechs ex-

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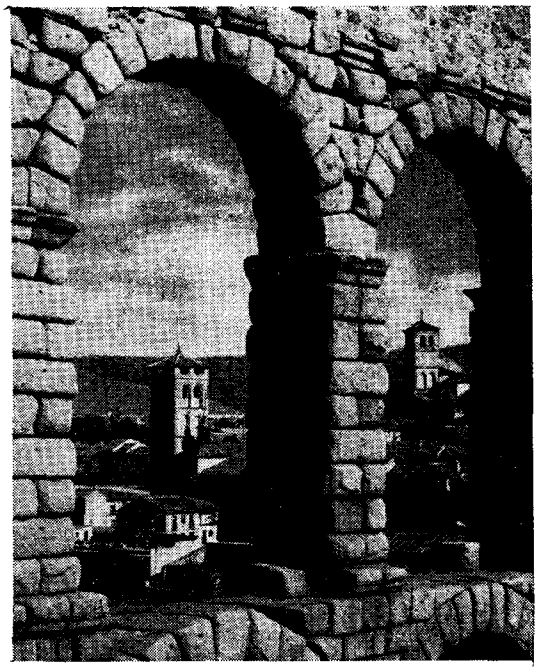

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press surprise that Communism has left the Prague government with as much liberty as their Brussels offering pretends they have. Except for a few party slogans, and some unnecessary machines that one is obliged to see if one enters through the front door, the Czech pavilion in no way resembles that ponderous, dull, propaganda-stuffed, tractor-surrounded exhibit of the Russians themselves.

Strangely enough, the exterior architecture of the Czech and the British pavilions is neither startling, particularly pleasant, nor for that matter particularly noteworthy. Both countries had their architects prepare buildings to house the ideas and the crafts which they wanted displayed. Perhaps the failing of the U.S. pavilion is really in its stunning architecture. We built a magnificent building which satisfied the concepts of the architect; then we set about gathering things to put in it. And while our pavilion does include a number of interesting eye-catchers, one really has to work at it to find them, whereas the very structure of the British pavilion takes the visitor by the elbow and shows him exactly what is to be seen. To my mind, the fair architects sacrificed attendance figures for eye appeal in the cases of the Yugoslav, the Austrian, and the Canadian pavilions, all of which are handsome, rectangular cubes elevated one story off the ground. To a footsore fair-goer there is nothing so dissuading as a flight of stairs.

Their architects failed the French, too, for although they came up with a building daring in its concept, it looked upon its eventual completion —it opened long after opening day— like a great airplane hangar that had been lent to a charity for a rummage sale. The hopeless jumble of French goods and services—the gas industry, the textiles, the *paté de foie gras* packers of the Alsace—are simply overwhelming. The building next door, put up by the City of Paris, is by comparison a joyous relief. Gendarmes stroll the airy corridors, and the sound-effects bring back the echoes of the clopping of horse-carts and the crashing of the cars on the *Métro*. In the cellar is a mock-up of some modern hotels destined for Annecy and Grenoble, with foam rubber chairs covered in orange fabric, convertible couch-beds, and streamlined bidets. There are double washbasins, an old European standby in luxury establishments; TV on a pedestal; and tables that slip over the bed for breakfast in the sack.

The Italian pavilion, which, like the French, opened late, proved to be a pleasant and artistic offering, and the

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restaurant and snack bar are, I think, beautiful syntheses of modern Italian design. The Japanese, using the theme of the Japanese hand and its skill, developed the idea with a great sense of delicacy and charm in a building of beauty and traditionally clean and simple line. In a small pavilion the Israelis depicted their exile from the homeland by the Romans, their expulsion from Spain in 1492, and the extermination of one-third of the Jewish people by the Nazis. The Mexicans brought home their story by placing a carved stone Indian head at the entranceway. Bubbling oil spilled out of the head and dribbled over half the face into a pool. It was as dramatic a personification of heritage and industry as I have ever seen.

Although a motorized railroad train makes circular trips around the grounds, and the aerial tramway criss-crosses parts of the grounds at forty cents a crossing, the biggest financial success here is the small tricycles called pousse-pousse which take two customers at a time buzzing up and down the boulevards. Owned by Baltours, an American-operated company which also maintains a fleet of Fiat stationwagons driven by uniformed beauties, the pousse-pousse armada, which numbered ninety on opening day, has grown to 200 today.

The Fiats operated by Baltours meet clients at the terminals and the airport and take them all over town, or if necessary all over Belgium. They have proved a blessing in view of the incredible intransigeance and downright rudeness of the Brussels cab-drivers, who insist on an outright tip of 20 per cent or more, and actually argue when a passenger's proffered tip is one franc (two cents) short of the dictatorial 20 per cent. It is a curious irony that much of the goodwill that the Belgians have been spending millions to inspire with this gigantic exposition is being undermined by the pettiness and the unpleasantness of the taxidrivers. If Brussels tourism is to exist at all after the fair is over, something besides mere acknowledgment of the problem must be done.

Fortunately for the cabdrivers and unfortunately for visitors, many of the prime cultural events which have been brought to Brussels for the fair are not taking place on the fairgrounds. The program of these events, which is published by the fair and distributed at all hotel desks, has a tendency to impart the notion that the Communists have long since occupied Belgian thought, life, and territory. For the month of August, for example, the city will see, at one time or another, the Moscow Circus, the Ukrainian Song and Dance Ensemble, the Moiseyev Ballet, the Moscow Symphony, the Obrastov Marionette Theatre, the fifteen Soviet Republics' Ensemble, and the Peking Circus. Whereas the city program in June and July was at least spaced with some offerings from Vienna, London, Berlin, Stuttgart, and Milan, from now until the end of the fair the official program lists no city events except those being presented by the Russians or the Chinese.

PERHAPS it is Communism's propaganda-cum-culture that riles our own fair representatives. But more likely it is the frustration of trying to compete culturally with the totalitarian countries who order their artists as they would order their soldiers. We are operating on a $500,000 budget, which, according to the volatile Miss Jean Dalrymple, is "20 per cent of what we hoped for. Hell," she says, "Spoleto cost $400,000 for three weeks. The best theatrical presentations we could offer were 'Carousel,' which didn't even fill our handsome theatre, and 'Wonderful

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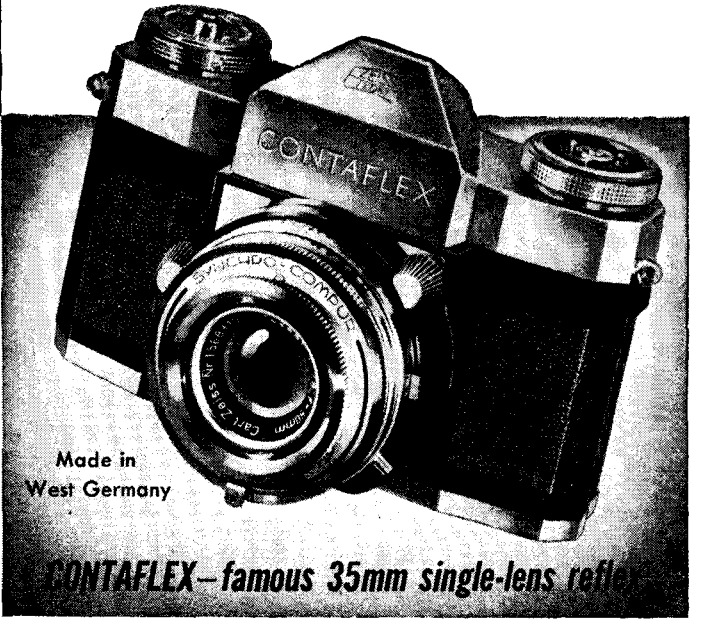

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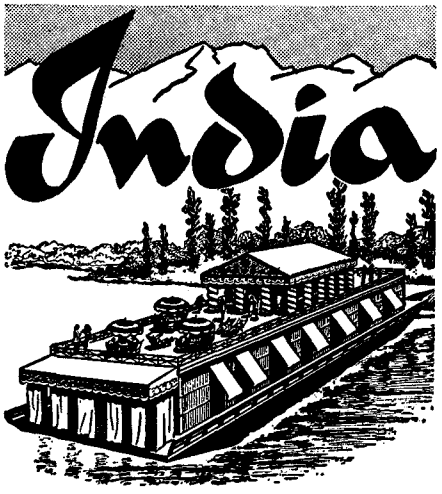
Town,' which did at first and then fell off. We will follow that with the Yale University theatre in Archibald MacLeish's 'J. B.' and then the San Francisco Work Shop's production of 'Waiting for Godot.' " That is the sum total of our stage effort.

Although we are relatively long in the long-hair department we will have offered only two jazz programs during the fair's duration, and one popular singer, Harry Belafonte. One force that might have saved us from the Russian onslaught was Hollywood, and they have failed miserably. Miss Dalrymple says she has invited innumerable stars, but virtually all have complained that they can't do anything besides act and none wanted to come to Brussels for a walk-on. Howard Cullman sees it quite another way. Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Danny Kaye, and dozens of other internationally famous stars have plenty of performing talent, but they were being held back, in his view, by their agents, particularly MCA and William Morris. Whether there is validity in Mr. Cullman's allegation I wouldn't know, but it seems clear that as far as Brussels and the American position here is concerned, this is hardly Hollywood's finest hour.

—Horace Sutton.



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Vancouver Retrospect, San Francisco Prospect

San Francisco.

More so than in most cases, what one thinks of the Vancouver Festival is a matter of approach—not the ponderous philosophic kind, but the geographic. Coming across the prodigiously varied landscape of Canada, with forests merging into grainlands, grainlands into mountains, mountains into the Pacific coastal plain, this surge of intellectual effort at the end of it all marks an unquestionable creative will. Coming down the long coastline of the Pacific to Seattle and San Francisco provides another perspective, tending to localize the effort, relating it more specifically to the area in which it exists.

The paradox is, of course, that the two geographies do not add up to the promising prognosis Vancouver needs if it is to flourish competitively among world festivals. The big mass of the Canadian Rockies blocks off easy access from the inland areas which might, in other circumstances, be drawn to it out of sheer need. Relatively nearby Seattle (four hours by rail) seems content to let its own symphony orchestra (as good or better than Vancouver's) pass the summer in idleness, so there is apparently no real urge there to seek indoor diversions of the sort provided in Vancouver's Orpheum Theatre.

These are the realities which only become apparent after a sampling, on the scene, of the kind of effort involved. Whatever the suggestion of proximity on the map, the attractions of an undertaking merely hours away from residents of our great Northwest remain theoretical. Unless and until something measurably higher on the artistic scale has been evolved, the Vancouver Festival will be "international" in name only.

The plan, as drawn, obviously is patterned on Edinburgh, with "name artists" brought in for a varied program of symphony concerts and recitals, an opera production (this year "Don Giovanni") given half a dozen performances, an "orginal" play to attract the theatre-minded, peripheral shows in the art galleries and museums, even a leavening of jazz. When one has mastered the elementary proposition that Vancouver is not on Vancouver Island (but Victoria is), that the projections on either side of the great sweep of water about it are not islands but part of the mainland, there are invitations to enjoyment on every side. B. C.'s campus (the University of British Columbia) is a beauty-spot all its own, and the admirable faculty gathered together by its enterprising president, J. C. Mackenzie, promises to raise academic prestige to even greater heights than it presently enjoys.

One fundamental, but crucial, limitation separates Vancouver's Festival from those around the world it seeks to emulate or excel. That is the lack of a first-class orchestral ensemble to put a floor under its aspirations. Edinburgh solves this dilemma by rotating invited organizations of high quality —the Vienna Philharmonic one year, the Royal Philharmonic another, the New York, Boston, or French National another. Helsinki does likewise for its Sibelius Festival by bringing in the BBC or Philadelphia to spell the local ensemble. Even when augmented by members of the chamber group maintained by the well-staffed outlet of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in British Columbia, Vancouver's Festival Orchestra was appreciably below the level of such guest soloists as Glenn Gould or Maureen Forrester, at a loss for the special skills to provide the excellent cast for "Don Giovanni" with instrumental work approaching its own level.

If there is any awareness of this in some circles, it is rigorously concealed by the local press. One comment on the opera production was headed: " 'Don Giovanni' is sheer perfection." Courtesy forbids the quotation of others, but they varied only in exuberance. High praise was rightfully bestowed on Bruno Walter for his patience and artistry in persuading the players to give him better than they knew in his orchestral program, but the comparable praise to Nicholas Goldschmidt for following his singers through "Don Giovanni" left the injustice to Mozart unremarked. As a general policy, administrative and executive responsibilities should not be vested in the same person: Goldschmidt's organizational talents being stronger than his musical powers, a reconsideration of his dual role is in order.

Any strong optimism about the future of the Vancouver Festival is unreasonable as long as it is subservient to local ends rather than being served by them. That is to say, while the shortcomings of the or-

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chestra are ignored because, after all, the Festival provides its members with employment (importation of a visiting orchestra would certainly be resisted) or certain key positions occupied by people whose hard work atones for limitations of ability. If it s to be of more than local consequence, considerations other than local ones must dominate.

MEANWHILE, San Francisco, which is not a festival in the Vancouver sense or even "a summer festival" in the New York sense, continues to provide the visitor with as festive a time as he could ask. The abundance of nature is more accessible than ever, thanks to the network of freeways which ring the bay area, and when the weather is as favorable, as it has recently been, even the Chamber of Commerce can take a holiday. Indeed, the headlines proclaiming "Giants Drop Fourth in a Row" seemed almost an excess of hospitality to convince the visiting New Yorker that this was, indeed, his home away from home. For that matter, a Bostonian would have felt equally at home in the civic auditorium, where Arthur Fiedler is conducting his ninth season of popular concerts with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. In the six years since I last observed Fiedler on the local scene, the whole project seems to have weathered in: the checkered cloth-covered tables stretching in a pleasing design over the spacious main floor and the stadium-tiered seats on three sides were filled to capacity (about 6,500) on the Saturday night of my attendance by an audience both attentive and responsive.

Along with such Fiedler-faddle as the Bennett arrangement of "Porgy and Bess" material and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Capriccio Espagnol" (not to mention Leroy Anderson's "Fiddle-Faddle"), the 6,000-plus heard some vibrant vocalizing by Grace Bumbry. Officially but twenty-one, the straight-striding mezzo has won a number of honors, including the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air earlier this year. Her operatic inclinations were attested in performances of "Adieu Forets" from Tchaikovsky's "Jeanne d'Arc," the Verdian "O Don Fatale" ("Don Carlos") and "Re dell Abisso" ("Ballo in Maschera"). More impressive for strength than subtlety, they were vitalized by the dramatic flair that seems to come naturally to singers of the Negro race.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Personal History

Continued from page 15

complicity. Dr. Johnson stumbled delightedly amid the rubble of gutted Newgate—it was the only time he was ever in jail.

Mr. Hibbert has done an excellent job of documentation and reporting. (And for collateral reading, there is Charles Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge.")

Life's Millionaire

***"The Thunder and the Sunshine," by Jerry Allen** (Putnam. 256 pp. $4.50), and **"Joseph Conrad and His Characters," by Richard Curle** (Essential. 254 pp. $6), are two studies of the English novelist, in which the former recounts an early amatory episode in Conrad's life, while the latter explores the central figures in his major novels. Ben Ray Redman, who reviews both Conrad books, is a well-known literary critic.*

By Ben Ray Redman

LAST year, the hundredth anniversary of Joseph Conrad's birth, saw a spate of writing devoted to the life and works of the extraordinary Polish sailor who left the sea to become one of England's most respected and most exotic novelists. Mr. Curle's volume is one of the many books and papers published in England that met the 1957 centennial deadline. Miss Allen's biographical study, an American contribution to the Conradian shelf, has missed the deadline by only a few months.

Mr. Curle is concerned with explaining to his readers the origins and natures of the principal characters in six of Conrad's novels—"Lord Jim," "Nostromo," "The Secret Agent," "Under Western Eyes," "Chance," and "Victory." Miss Allen is largely concerned with the original of one of Conrad's characters—Rita, the "woman of all time," heroine of "The Arrow of Gold." Mr. Curle's book is an act of friendship, performed by a writer who was once described by Conrad himself as the man "who certainly knows my work best and not less certainly is known as my closest intimate, but before all is the best friend my work has ever had." Miss Allen's book, despite its obvious virtues and values, is a rather uneven production in which the fruits of honest research are often blemished by journalistic carelessness. On page twenty, for example, she has the Conrad family traveling *westward* from Warsaw to the Urals; and on page 225 she writes, "when Marshal MacMahon *perpetuated* his *coup d'état*."

"The Thunder and the Sunshine" is described on its title-page as "A Biography of Joseph Conrad." It is, however, only a partial biography, for the bulk of it is devoted to Conrad's early years; the time spent in exile with his family in the Urals, his visits to his uncle's Ukrainian estate, his life in Marseilles, his love affair with the "woman of all time," and his adventures as a Carlist gunrunner. But Miss Allen has been wise, I think, to concentrate on her author's youth, and, more briefly, on the subsequent years spent at sea, for once Conrad turned writer his life was little more than a steady grind of hard creative, or recreative, effort.

What Miss Allen does is to show us the stuff of which his tales were made; and as we see it spread before us we realize how rich he was in actual experiences, rich beyond the most avaricious dreams of desk-bound novelists with only their inventive powers to serve them. And she shows us—as does Mr. Curle in many instances—how Conrad made use of this life-stuff, how a single real episode could be multiplied in fiction, how one known character could be brought to paper under different names and guises. Conrad himself told Curle that he had no aptitude for invention, but there is no doubt that when he was at his best his imagination worked freely with the material life had furnished him. That

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 790

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 790 will be found in the next issue.

XIVQKXB KG GI

LDJJDNKISG DG LDNVG,

CTNCWV LKBSUCG.

—BCIUBC NDXXKXB.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 789

The difficult part in an argument is not to defend one's opinion, but rather to know it.

—ANDRE MAUROIS.

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he was not at his best in "The Arrow of Gold" will be generally agreed. In this instance, as he knew, the hold of reality was too strong. But there is also no doubt that Rita is the character with whom he dearly wished to succeed most completely.

Miss Allen has identified the original of Doña Rita as Paula de Smoggy, a Hungarian girl who was the mistress of Don Carlos, pretender to the throne of Spain. Conrad, not yet twenty, met her and became infatuated. His life during his Marseilles period revolved around her; she stands at the heart of Miss Allen's story, and adorns its most fascinating pages. But, even though she has now been plainly named and described, she remains a tantalizing character, for we are not told just how much or how little her affair with Conrad amounted to. We must conclude that Miss Allen herself does not know, and be grateful for the information she has been able to give us. At the same time, perhaps, we should be cautious in following her lead when she relies as heavily as she does on Conrad's fiction as a sure guide to the facts of his biography.

Returning briefly to Mr. Curle, it must be admitted that time spent with his studies of Conrad's characters might be better spent with the novels themselves; but it is also true that his book is enjoyable and informative.

Fiction

Continued from page 17

one which is not far removed from reality. It is the theme of the immigrant whose first resting place in America was the slums, whose friends were as stricken as he (or she in this case) and who by cunning and courage, perseverance, practicality, and hard work rose to the penthouse top. What a wealth of emotional experience and character development there is here for the author! But in this novel the characters are stock and the emotions are stock and the reactions to situations are stock too—full of that thin bravado which is the genuine Hollywood schmaltz.

Too bad indeed, for Mr. Dinneen obviously knows his city hall politics and the interplay between paving contractors and ward bosses. He could have written a much better book.

—LEONARD WIBBERLEY.

WESTWARD HO: "This is the Lord's doing; It is marvelous in our eyes." Thus does Irwin Blacker, the author of **"Westering"** (World, $3.95), quote scripture to imply that what happened to an immigrant train on the trail from Independence, Missouri, to the Dalles in Oregon in 1845 had divine sanction. If so, it proves that He works in mysterious ways with instruments that could be of small comfort to Him.

This story of the Oregon Trail has been told over and over from the time of Parkman to Hough, Guthrie and others; the parallel story of the California and Santa Fe trails ha been told by Kendall, Gregg, and Hurlburt. These stories were told before sex became the primary ingredient of adventure-history and fiction. In fact and in fiction these writers established the pattern and set the tone of what may be called Western literature. Essentially, the story is that of a group of ordinary individuals setting out for a distant place across a country that presented many obstacles. The hardship and suffering winnowed the weak from the strong, revealed the villain for what he was, and the hero for what he never thought he would become. The story was not profound, unless in the hands of a Steinbeck, but it was usually fairly clean.

The Trail story, along with other westerns, was cursed with popularity. Its form was fixed by the geography of the land. Its variety was found in the human variable, the different kinds of people who crawled across the Continent. As the land lured the immigrant, the subject lured the writer—all sorts of writers. Each writer sought to fin something new, original, and the task of being original grew constantly harder. All the changes were rung on Indians, deserts, broken wagon wheels, the lost or snakebit child, and the anger of the woman whose walnut bureau had to be discarded to lighten the load. And of course the snow always caught the hapless mob in the mountains.

About the time all these props had become worn from too constant use, Freud showed up on the Western trail to supply a new ingredient. There is no question that the western is popular; sex is also popular; the combination would seem irresistible, as fetching as the story of Lincoln's doctor's dog will be when those three subjects have been worn separately to a frazzle.

Blacker's "Westering" has all the conventional props, except Indians and the snakebit child. Into this mixture the author has poured this newfound ingredient of sex, and he has done it with the exaggeration which characterizes too much of Western writing. This long journey, recorded by Stith Hibbard, commanded by Jesse Taylor, guided by Chevern MacCase, was made without doubt by the most over-sexed band of immigrants that has yet crossed the plains.

—WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

RULERS AND WRITERS

Here are the names of twenty British authors; jumbled alongside are the dates of their births and the names of twenty sovereigns in whose reigns the authors were born. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks you to assign to each author the correct birth date and the correct king or queen (or, in one instance, king *and* queen). Key Columns Two and Three on Column One. Crowns are distributed on page 34.

1. Roger Ascham	( )	1340 (?)	( )	Anne
2. W. H. Auden	( )	1460 (?)	( )	Charles I
3. Francis Bacon	( )	1515	( )	Charles II
4. Robert Burns	( )	1552 (?)	( )	Edward III
5. Geoffrey Chaucer	( )	1554	( )	Edward VI
6. Lord Chesterfield	( )	1561	( )	Edward VII
7. Daniel Defoe	( )	1608	( )	Elizabeth I
8. John Dryden	( )	1631	( )	George I
9. Thomas Gray	( )	1660 (?)	( )	George II
10. Samuel Johnson	( )	1688	( )	George III
11. John Keats	( )	1694	( )	George IV
12. John Milton	( )	1709	( )	George V
13. Alexander Pope	( )	1716	( )	Henry VI
14. Sir Walter Raleigh	( )	1759	( )	Henry VIII
15. Dante Gabriel Rossetti	( )	1795	( )	James I
16. Sir Philip Sidney	( )	1828	( )	James II
17. John Skelton	( )	1837	( )	Mary I
18. Robert Louis Stevenson	( )	1850	( )	Victoria
19. Algernon Charles Swinburne	( )	1907	( )	William III and Mary II
20. Dylan Thomas	( )	1915	( )	William IV

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Philosophy

Continued from page 21

tinued lure to create through love in ongoing time. Our oneness with the One is participation, not in fixity, but in partnership with him that continually labors and creates, world without end . . ." How appropriate that the author's latest (and perhaps last) writing should be on this theme, and that it should end with three dots! Similarly, his hope for a world civilization grounded in "a spirit which arises from a severe and resolute confidence in human nature . . . declaring *not the achieved dignity but the potential divinity* of the individual soul" leads to a concluding protestation: *"Opus hic terminatum sed non consummatum dico."* The italics are in the original.

It is not easy to forecast the reception these volumes will receive from present-day readers or their probable influence upon either the thought or the practice of our time. In his vision of an alliance of the great religions in the service of mankind's peace, Dr. Hocking makes common cause with Dr. Arnold Toynbee and Sir S. Radhakrishnan; it must be confessed that there is little evidence to support their hope. In his tentative vindication of confidence in eternal life, Dr. Hocking pursues a way of approach and line of reasoning which are strange to contemporary minds; it may be questioned whether many will wish or be able to follow him in the pathway toward faith along which he seeks to point.

Moreover, Dr. Hocking's writing has never encouraged facile reading. It demands a deliberate discipline not only of mental concentration upon a peculiarly elusive—and enriching—manner of thinking and mode of expression which are original and unfamiliar, but also of responsive empathy with a spirit which is both philosopher and mystic. Neither form of speech nor the ideas it seeks to convey are congenial to a generation schooled in shallow empiricism and frantic existentialism. But the convictions which rule the argument from beginning to end are clear and direct. They are those which have dominated this versatile, penetrating, and gracious mind through half a century and have informed his every contribution to the better understanding of man and his destiny, the more worthy service of society and its well-being: the comprehension we seek is to be discovered through a profounder analysis of the "given" data of human experience as we all

know it, or should know it, and then from a correct interpretation of that data. If that data to which Dr. Hocking attaches the largest significance are unfamiliar to us, that is an evidence of the superficiality of our experience and inadequacy of our understanding rather than of inherent incomprehensibility of the Universe and our life within it.

These two books may be less important for their unpredictable effect upon the thought of today than as deeply personal witnesses to a spirit which has ranged across the wide reaches of human learning through a long lifetime, has found no good reason to surrender its initial insights, and now toward the close offers to those who will receive the affectionately meditated and carefully instilled wisdom of that pilgrimage. Who shall say whether these must be accepted as the final gifts from so wise and winsome a fellow-pilgrim? If that should prove to be the case, he could hardly have bequeathed a more fitting "last testament."

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TYPEE. *By Herman Melville. Bantam.* 50¢. Melville's first book (1846) is based on his own early sailing experiences when, in rebellion against grisly shipboard life, he jumped ship in the Marquesas. His account of seamen and far-flung seas foreshadows many of the scenes in his later epic about the whale.

THE RISE AND SPLENDOUR OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE. *By Rene Grousset. University of California.* $1.95. China's civilization, from feudal times through succeeding dynasties, is, at best, complex to Westerners. This survey is streamlined down to the essentials and the result makes engrossing reading.

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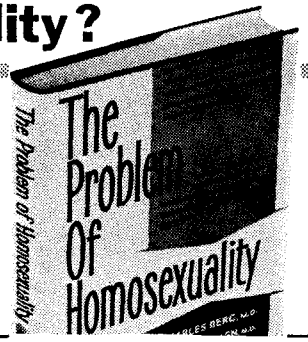

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An Exchange . . .

Continued from page 11

out, the AFS was reactivated under Mr. Galatti. American civilian volunteers again drove ambulances, first in the storied countryside of eastern France, later in the deserts of North Africa and the jungles of Burma.

After the war, Mr. Galatti decided that something should be done to perpetuate the spirit of international friendship that inspired the AFS throughout two world wars. How better perpetuate it than through the associations and education of the new generation? Accordingly, selected students from other countries were "adopted" for a year by American families and enrolled in the schools and colleges of various states. There was no thought of Americanizing the visitors. The idea was that the latter would come to know us as human beings and carry back home an accurate picture of our way of life.

During the first year of the project (1947-1948) about fifty students were brought to this country, some of them teen-agers, others college students. Gradually the emphasis shifted to the high-school level. Thirty-eight countries are participating in the program this year. At first the students came from Western Europe; the distance was shortest and there were fewer language difficulties. But the AFS fellowships were never intended as a kind of student NATO. The whole world is the prospective field of operation. This year, for example, there are students here from Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay, New Zealand, Japan, the Philippines, Malaya, Pakistan, Indonesia, Lebanon, and Turkey. Last summer, for the first time, American students lived with Asian families—in Japan and Pakistan, to start with.

Three years ago Mr. Galatti gave up his Wall Street career in order to make the student exchange his life work. Headquarters of the AFS are in an old brownstone house at 113 East 30th Street, New York, affectionately known to Field Service men and students as "113." The organization, which is supported by public contributions, depends upon American communities to find homes for the visitors and to waive all tuition fees and expenses for books and sports. The host family, of course, offers its hospitality gratuitously; the newcomers are treated like children of the household.

Many American communities are throwing themselves wholeheartedly into the program and it is succeeding even beyond the dreams of Mr. Galatti and his associates. Culver City, California, for example, tendered a civic farewell to a German exchange student who had finished his American year. In the auditorium where young Gundolf Goethel was honored, the Mayor sat in the front row, flanked by members of the city government and leading citizens of the town. In a joint contribution to international understanding, the German youth had made good and so had the people of Culver City.

Inevitably, Mr. Galatti came to feel that bringing foreign students here was only half the program. American youngsters ought to live abroad and bring back their impressions of our neighbors in other lands. This half of the project was initiated eight years ago when nine American teen-agers were sent across the Atlantic to spend the summer with French families. The following summer, AFS students lived with families in seven European countries. As in the United States, the host family receives no remuneration.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, recognizing the tremendous potentialities of the AFS student exchange, remarked that, if carried far enough, it can be "an effective agent in combatting totalitarian propaganda and will help eliminate the misunderstandings that promote conflict."

That the AFS program is making an impression abroad was, as has been indicated above, publicly demonstrated in Paris. American AFS exchange students from all over Europe were foregathering in the French capital in preparation for their journey back to the States. A French committee was organized to show France's appreciation of the student guests' mission. Georges Marcovich, President of the Pam Pam restaurants, was the moving spirit. It was decided to hold a gala dinner for the homebound Americans. Co-sponsors with Pam Pam were three great Paris hotels—the Grand, the Meurice, and the Prince de Galles—and the world-famous Cafe de la Paix.

The dinner was held in the main ballroom of the Grand Hotel and served under the personal supervision of the Directeur, Mr. B. Sibert. Treated like visiting celebrities, the young Americans enjoyed the connoisseur's cuisine for which the Grand has long been known. At the speakers' table the guests of honor were the Marquis and Marquise de Rochambeau, the former a descendant of the French marshal who aided the American colonies in their war for independence.

The writer, who had the privilege of being present, was tremendously proud of these students. Alert, wholesome, well-mannered, they looked exactly what they were—a cross-section of American youth. Among them, of course, were Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, white youngsters and colored, some of Oriental ancestry. In families from Finland to Turkey, from Gibraltar to Austria, these boys and girls had personified the American way. One could not help but feel that they were the most effective envoys of good will that we could possibly send abroad.

From every point of view the celebration was memorable. Guests and hosts took to one another. There were no long-winded addresses. Briefly and sincerely the hosts told the students how much they appreciated having them in France, how grateful they were for our hospitality to French students in America, how large such proofs of international friendship loom in this atomic age. The Americans' response was simple but heart-warming. They had enjoyed the experiences and associations of their summer abroad. They were taking back to their home communities a fresh view of the world and a new sense of the fellowship of man They were dedicating themselves, each in his own little sphere, to promoting the cause of understanding and cooperation among peoples.

Mr. Marcovich, who presided, closed the program with this tribute: "You young ambassadors from the United States have reached across protocol and into the hearts of everyone here." Afterwards, when he and the writer sat down for a little chat, he observed: "My contact with those wonderful youngsters tonight gives me renewed confidence in the future of civilization."

That dinner meeting in Paris certainly dramatized the sense of international fraternity that lies at the heart of young America. As representatives of our form of democracy, the upcoming generation is succeeding where its elders dismally failed. In young Americans such as Tissie Goodell and the holders of the AFS fellowships is embodied a dynamic force for international understanding.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read 5, 17, 1, 14, 16, 3, 12, 8, 7, 13, 6, 10, 9, 4, 11, 15, 19, 18, 2, 20.

Column Three: 10, 8, 7, 5, 14, 2, 3, 9, 4, 11, 15, 20, 17, 1, 12, 13, 16, 18, 6, 19.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1273

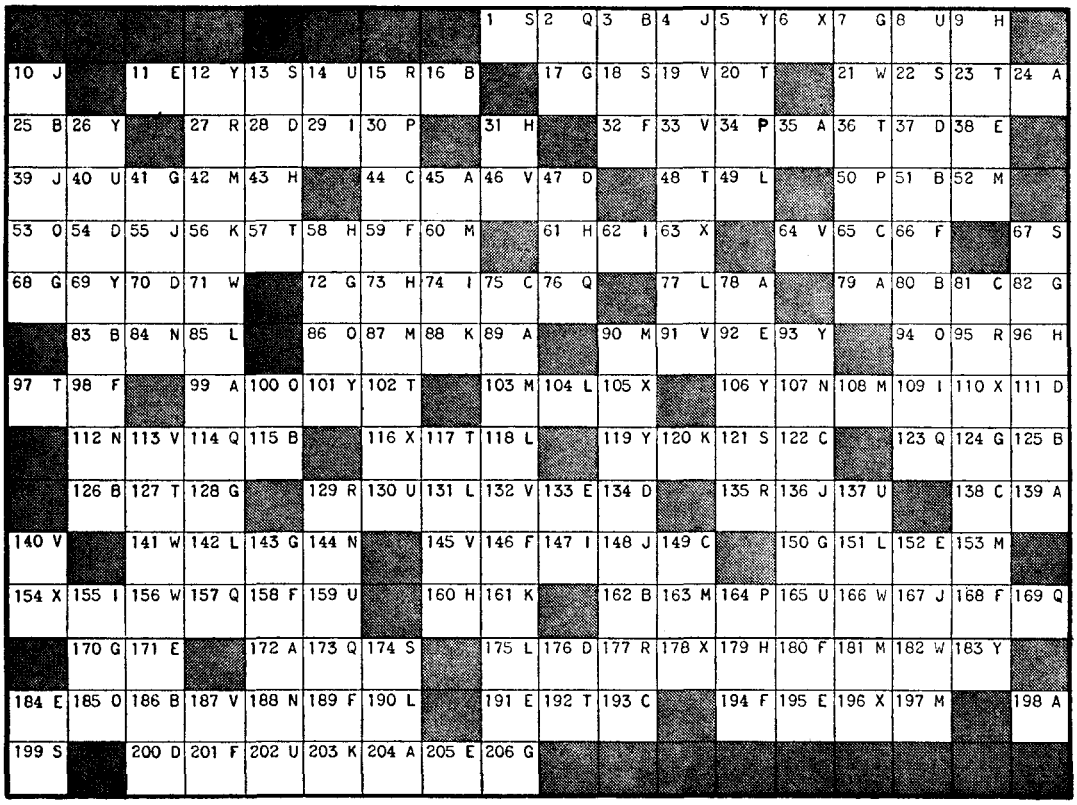
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Living in fresh water, but going to the sea to spawn.	35 172 139 204 24 89 78 79 198 45 99
B. Presented editorialized news over the air.	162 80 115 3 25 51 126 83 186 16 125
C. Condition of having lost life or spirit.	81 65 44 138 149 75 122 193
D. The Spanish dagger (2 wds.).	111 54 37 200 176 47 28 70 134
E. Small German family car, now popular in this country.	152 195 11 38 171 184 191 92 133 205
F. Term of reproach in "Westerns," not in Webster as a phrase, meaning cowardly and of low instincts (2 wds.).	66 158 59 168 201 194 32 146 189 180 98
G. He whose "name led all the rest" because he loved his fellowmen (full name).	170 17 68 41 72 128 124 143 206 150 82 7
H. Squeamish.	58 160 96 9 179 31 61 73 43
I. Instructed.	29 155 147 74 62 109
J. Another name for the three stars of Orion's Belt.	4 167 148 39 10 136 55
K. What the M stands for when Sgt. Friday reports on the "M.O." of a criminal.	203 120 56 88 161
L. What D'Israeli advocated for "these bloated armaments" in Parliament, 1862 (4 wds.).	175 104 77 151 131 118 49 85 190 142
M. A playing with words.	42 103 181 87 52 108 153 197 163 90 60
N. The finish (belonging to something; 2 wds.).	107 84 144 188 112
O. Capable of moving with great speed.	53 94 185 86 100
P. Colorless.	50 164 30 34
Q. Time when the sun is on the meridian.	173 2 114 76 157 123 169
R. Coarse linen cloth in England and Scotland, now largely replaced by calico.	129 95 27 15 135 177
S. Places prepared for walking upon, as around, through, over machinery, etc.	199 18 22 13 67 121 174 1
T. Porcelain impressed with figures which are shown by transmitted light, as in lamp shades.	97 48 20 117 36 102 127 23 192 57
U. Gone out of style.	130 165 14 202 40 159 8 137
V. Probably the largest fish in the sea (2 wds.).	145 187 19 46 91 140 64 33 113 132
W. The finishing stroke (comp.).	182 156 71 166 141 21
X. Individual molds of potted meat.	196 6 110 154 63 105 116 178
Y. Smiling.	93 69 119 183 12 26 101 106 5

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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Search for America

Continued from page 10

both sides are couching their arguments in nineteenth-century platitudes that no longer apply to anybody anywhere. Old clichés, like old soldiers, never seem to die. The great majority of American intellectuals seem to accept the Butler-Huxley-Orwell theory of the machine as enslaver without bothering to look at a contemporary factory, or compare the men who work there with their grandfathers who were "free to work the soil." Our machines have not reduced us to robots. Instead, they have created one of the most vigorous and vital populations in history. A dozen equally prevalent platitudes can be exploded by the observable facts.

We have hitched our wagon not to a star but a dynamo. If the world has a machine-age society (for better or worse—to identify it is not to glorify it) that society is the United States. But even our technology exists in a state of tension with other factors. In addition to being a nation of salesmen, we are the land which produced "The Death of a Salesman," a poetic study of man's limitations, set in the middle of an industrial society. We admire men who resist machines. John Henry broke his po' heart rather than let the steam drill beat him down. Paul Bunyan headed over the mountain. The cowboy gave a warning that was specific and categorical: don't fence me in.

Not by glossing over, but by exploring the complications and contradictions of our society—exploring them honestly, reverently, and in depth—will we ever hold up the mirror to that segment of mankind which lives here, now. This job should excite, not discourage us. The task is enormous, but so is the culture. It is a broad-backed, boisterous land with Mike Fink's strength and Yukon Ike's verve; Casey Jones's daring and Salvation Sal's devotion; Billy the Kid's cussedness and Huck Finn's charm. A big, foolish, generous land, wide as the Mississippi or prairies God forgot to close in; white as Cape Cod sand, black as West Virginia coal; flat as the Salt Lake basin, too steep for Rocky Mountain goats. Thomas Carlyle marveled at the American achievement. "How beautiful," he wrote, "to think of lean tough settlers, with most occult unsubduable fire in their belly, steering over the Western Mountains to annihilate the jungle and bring bacon for the posterity of Adam.

"There is no *myth* of Athene or Herakles equal to this *fact*."

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Literary Horizons

Continued from page 12

suppose that Nabokov was simply kidding, that Humbert's obsession wasn't taken seriously and didn't really count. Not at all. The scenes in which Humbert's passion is made explicit, although restrained in language, are fully and horribly convincing. This is the core of the book, and make no mistake about it.

One has to ask whether the book means more than it seems to mean. Some of its defenders have no doubt that it does. Harry Levin, for instance, has said that it is "a symbol of the aging European intellectual coming to America, falling in love with it but finding it, sadly, a little immature." Nabokov, however, pooh-poohs this interpretation. "For me," he says, "a work of fiction exists only insofar as it affords me what I shall bluntly call aesthetic bliss, that is a sense of being somehow, somewhere, connected with other states of being where art (curiosity, tenderness, kindness, ecstasy) is the norm." What this seems to me to mean is that, given the original idea—and he seems pretty vague about how it was given him—he was interested simply in seeing how much he was able to make of it.

As I have been trying to say, it has made a good deal. Whatever else may be true, "Lolita" is a brilliant tour de force. Is it also a novel of enduring importance? Nabokov's admirers are convinced that it is, but I cannot feel that they have succeeded in saying why. I am not sure that the book won't come to be regarded primarily as a literary curiosity, so skilfully done that it is vastly more interesting than the average run of fiction and yet not one of the memorable novels.

I remind myself that some such judgment of "Ulysses" was formed by many early readers who were impressed by the brilliance of Joyce's stylistic achievement. Perhaps the future will be as interested in Humbert Humbert and Dolores Haze as we are in Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus. Whether that happens or not—and my guess is that it won't—I am sure that the future will exonerate "Lolita" from the charge of pornography as completely as we have exonerated "Ulysses."

Criminal Record

OUT OF THE SHADOWS. *By Alec Glanville. Roy.* $2.75. British ex-submarine skipper takes on treasure hunt off Irish coast following double shipboard killing (which does not involve him); tension mounts as new hand climbs aboard; small cast is deftly managed. Shipshape and seaworthy.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. *By Arthur Conan Doyle. Folio Society (Philip C. Duschnes, 757 Madison Ave., New York 22, U.S. distributor).* $6. Reissue of earliest series: twelve yarns (1892) from "A Scandal in Bohemia" to "The Copper Beeches," with thirteen line illustrations by Paul Hogarth and introduction by Brian A. Marsh. Our King is still with us.

THE DISAPPEARING CORPSE. *By James Warren. Washburn.* $2.95. London private eye (ex-cop) journeys to Dartmoor when erratic widow reports theft of ancient statuary; this is least of his troubles as body is disclosed, then undisclosed; confusion takes over completely before terminal explanation; slight humor factor present. Whimsy all the way.

MAIDEN'S PRAYER. *By Joan Fleming. Washburn.* $2.95. English spinster, flirting with romance, risks finger-burning as plausible villain edges slowly in (but not too slowly); cat is ornery and effective character; payoff ingenious without being tricky; good humor prevails throughout. Pleasant and well paced.

DOCTOR NO. *By Ian Fleming, Macmillan.* $3.50. British Agent James Bond takes over Jamaica assignment following predecessor's slaughter; trails handless madman to lair inside mountain; girl (she sells sea shells) a complication; The Empire still lives in this one; bizarrerie abounds; roseate spoonbills present, also tons of fertilizer. Erudite cliff-hanger, with sex sauce.

THE CASE OF THE DEAD DIVORCEE. *By William Holder. Signet.* 25¢. New York TV tycoon, in wife trouble, meets lady who is speedily strangled, placing hero on spot; most of action in pleasant New Hampshire skiing area; culprit readily guessable, but yarn holds up nicely thanks to superior handling. High grade. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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